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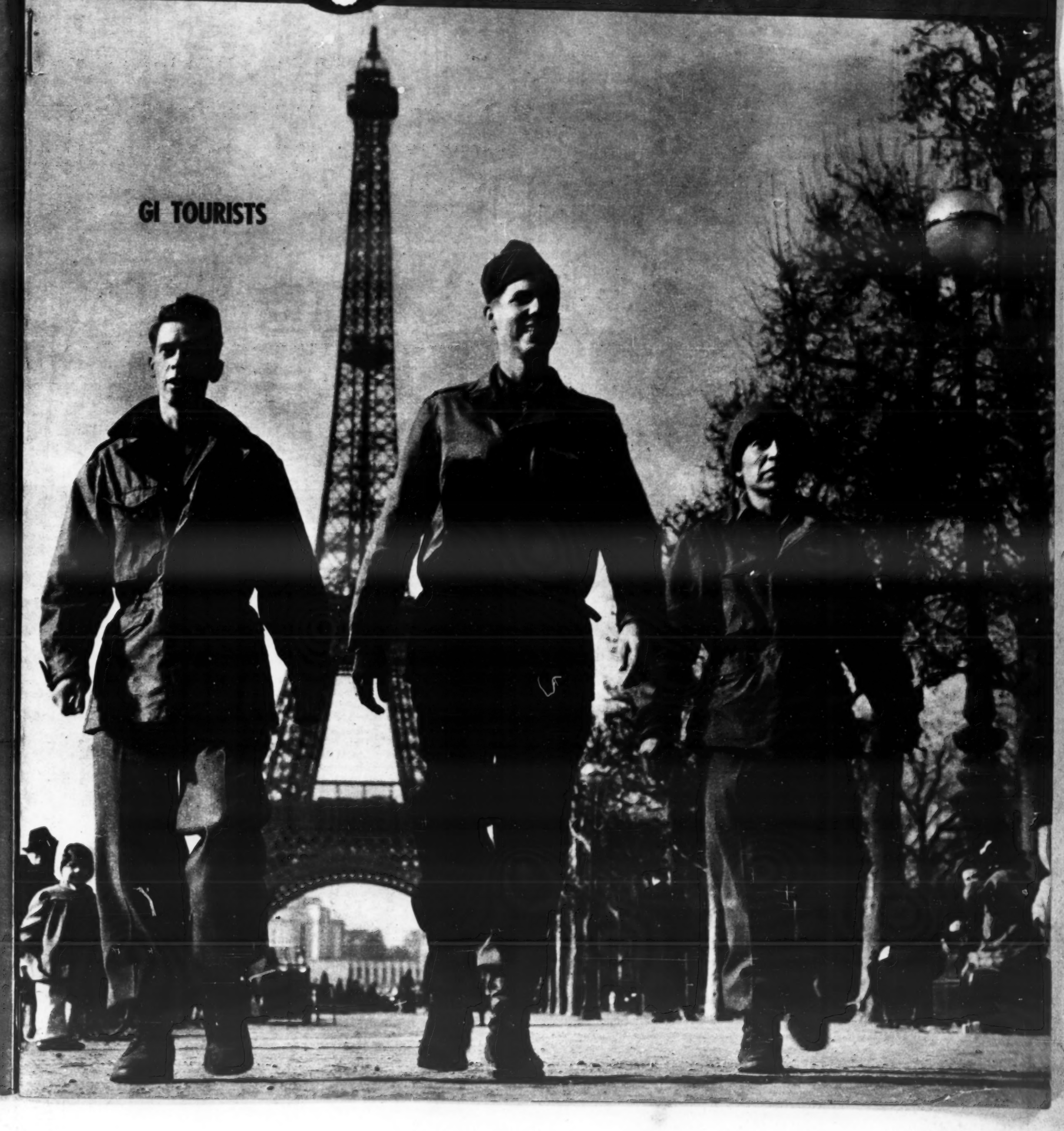
By the men . . . for the men in the service



GI TOURISTS

The Army turned the tables and transported the Navy on the way to the Rhine. LCVPs, loaded on GI trucks, are carted through this Belgian town.

Sailors lived in barracks and launched an amphibious operation 200 miles from the nearest ocean.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE U. S. NAVY ON THE RHINE—The day the Ninth Army crossed the Rhine River was the screwiest 24 hours of the 20 years that CWO John (Chips) Dauphinais has served in the U. S. Navy.

First off, there was the strictly unnautical experience of riding in a boat that was being carted on an Army truck over dusty, shell-pitted roads that were zeroed in by German 88s. Then came a two-hour heave-to in a blasted German village, waiting for an ammo dump that had been ignited by enemy artillery to burn itself out so Chips' boats could be trucked over the Rhine dykes without silhouetting them to enemy guns across the river. Next came the sacrilegious breaching of Naval procedure in the way the LCMs and LCVPs had to be launched on the Rhine.

Instead of being let down gently from a ship's davits in approved Navy style, the boats were dropped by cranes operated by the Army Engineers or batted in by bulldozers. Amid all this were frequent trips to nearby foxholes while Jerry mortars and 88s splattered the west bank. The final blow was the precedent-breaking experience of taking naval craft into action on a river that was no more than 350 yards wide and 200 miles from the nearest ocean.

Although not steeped in naval tradition like his trip on *Old Ironsides* when it made its farewell tour of the U. S., or his service on a destroyer in the South Pacific during the critical days of 1942, the Rhine crossing was still a day that Chips can dwell upon long, if not longingly, when he tells his grandchildren back in Nashua, N. H., about his 20 years in the Navy.

Chips and other members of Comdr. William D. J. Whitesides' Naval Task Group, which operated with the First, Third and Ninth Armies in their successful crossing of the Rhine, were not in the largest combined operation of the war but they were certainly in a unique one. Never before have U. S. naval units gone into action with the Army 200 miles from an ocean. Likewise this was the first time in history that the Army had called on the Navy to support an inland-river crossing.

Three hours after the first assault troops hit the east bank of the Rhine in the Ninth Army sector, the Navy was delivering tanks and TDs to them to knock out the enemy strongholds that were holding up the advance. German mortars and air bursts were blanketing the river and beaches when Coxswain G. Jaryzisky of Bowling Green, Ohio, guided his 50-foot LCM *No. 33* onto the far bank of the Rhine with a Sherman tank. Only a few minutes after shoving off from the west bank he was back to pick up a TD for which the Army had sent an urgent request.

After making his second trip across with the TD, Jaryzisky turned his 26-ton craft downstream toward a site where U. S. troops on the far bank needed armor ferried to them. While he was in midstream a German 88 opened up on him. The first shell was high, but the next two were near misses on the port quarter and sprayed the LCM with shrapnel. The boat's two .50-caliber machine-gunners and signalman were injured and had to be evacuated. Lt. (jg) Richard Kennedy of Los Angeles, Calif., who was in command at the ferry site, also was aboard. He got a superficial chin wound but did not require hospitalization. Jaryzisky and his engineer, Richard Graham S1c of Elmwood, Wis., escaped unhurt and continued to ferry supplies and troops across for the next two days of the operation at that site.

Another LCM was hit by an 88 at the beach site just as it was to be unloaded from its trailer. The shell ripped a hole in the bow ramp but caused no further damage. Half an hour later the LCM was in operation as a Rhine ferry with Coxswain William D. J. Murray of Bayonne, N. J., at the helm.

Once the build-up of supplies and men had been completed on the Ninth Army front, the Navy craft switched over to help the Combat Engineers construct treadway and ponton bridges. They towed bridge sections in place and held them fast

while engineers put in their upstream anchors. After that the LCMs and LCVPs patrolled the Rhine to protect the newly constructed bridges from floating mines and debris.

FOR five months preceding the inland naval operation, the Navy's small-boat crews lived and dressed as soldiers to maintain the secrecy which covered the preparations for the Rhine crossing. They trained with combat engineers, to whom they were attached, on rivers in Holland and Belgium, perfecting the new amphibious technique which the peculiar nature of their assignment demanded. Instead of guiding their boats through tossing waves and rolling surf as they had done in North Africa, Sicily and Normandy, the small-boat men had to learn to maneuver their craft to and from pinpoint landing spots in swift sidewise currents in which they had never had to operate before.

While the initial plans were being made for the crossing, the Allied High Command decided on a combined air, sea and land operation as the most practical method of storming Germany's age-old defensive barrier to invasion. Parachute and glider troops were to be used to secure the east bank of the Rhine and its approaches, so that the Infantry assault troops could get ashore without having to meet the all-out defenses of the Germans. These plans were somewhat modified by the unexpected capture of the bridge at Remagen. This took the initial brunt of the burden off the airborne troops. Several bridgeheads were planned, but the problem of supplying initial assault troops loomed as a major threat to the success of the operation. The width and current of the Rhine were expected to make construction of bridges very difficult.

So, as originally planned, naval craft were counted on to build up the force on the east bank between the initial crossings and the completion of the bridges. The bow-ramp construction of the LCMs and LCVPs made them ideal for quick transportation, permitting loaded vehicles to be driven on and off without the necessity of reloading. The Engineers stated that without naval craft a crossing of the Rhine could not be made until mid-June when the spring thaws were over. That's why the Navy got the assignment of ferrying the Army across the Rhine.

The Navy unit assigned to the First Army was the first to arrive on the Continent. Its personnel went into training last October at localities in

CWO John (Chips) Dauphinais wears Army fatigues.

Belgium whose terrain approximated the probable Rhine crossing sites. They practiced daily with engineers on the Manse River, launching boats, and loading and unloading all types of cargo.

Among the tough problems the Navy had to beat were the freezing conditions that existed in river navigation. The cooling systems of their boat engines were designed for salt water, which, of course, never freezes. So a new cooling system had to be worked out. Ice in the river was another headache, and guards had to be improvised to protect the screws.

But the biggest headache came when the crews started to move their craft toward the Rhine over hundreds of miles of blasted roads. On its truck carrier, an LCM is 77 feet long (equivalent to the height of a seven-story building), 14 feet wide and nearly 20 feet high. That made moving them over shelled roads and narrow village streets a tough problem.

While passing through one German town the LCMs reached a narrow street where they didn't have room to turn a corner. Ironically enough, one of the few relatively undamaged houses in the village was situated right on that corner, blocking the boats' passage. There was no alternative route through or around the village. So the Army convoy officer with the Navy crews did the inevitable. He knocked on the door of the house that was holding up the Navy. When its rather timid German owner answered, the Army officer said: "How do you do? I just came to tell you you'll have to evacuate immediately. We gotta blow up your house." Shortly afterward, a combination of dynamite and a bulldozer cleared a "channel" for the Navy.

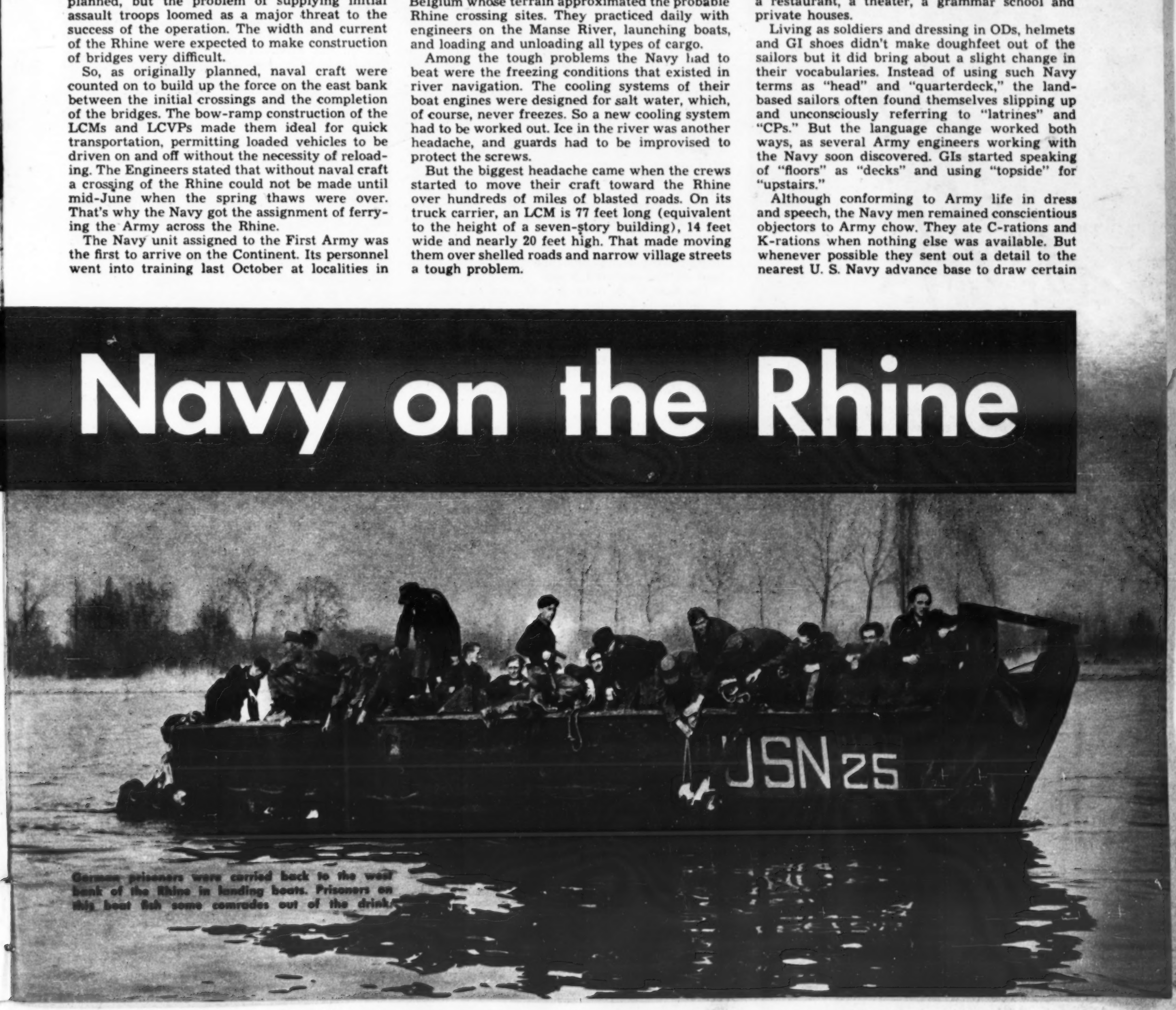
WHEN the Germans launched their Ardennes offensive in December, the First Army sailors had to fall back along with the soldiers. During the break-through they had plans ready to destroy their boats if they were trapped. Daily drills were staged so no time would be lost if a "scorched sea" policy became necessary. The LCVPs, which are made largely of plywood, were to be drenched with gasoline and burned, and the all-steel LCMs were to be burned out and sunk.

These drastic measures were not necessary, as the Germans never got that close. They did, however, force the Navy to evacuate several of its billeting sites. During the hectic weeks of the Ardennes campaign the sailors were quartered successively in a bombed-out factory, a town hall, a restaurant, a theater, a grammar school and private houses.

Living as soldiers and dressing in ODs, helmets and GI shoes didn't make doughfeet out of the sailors but it did bring about a slight change in their vocabularies. Instead of using such Navy terms as "head" and "quarterdeck," the land-based sailors often found themselves slipping up and unconsciously referring to "latrines" and "CPs." But the language change worked both ways, as several Army engineers working with the Navy soon discovered. GIs started speaking of "floors" as "decks" and using "topside" for "upstairs."

Although conforming to Army life in dress and speech, the Navy men remained conscientious objectors to Army chow. They ate C-rations and K-rations when nothing else was available. But whenever possible they sent out a detail to the nearest U. S. Navy advance base to draw certain

Navy on the Rhine



German prisoners were carried back to the west bank of the Rhine in landing boats. Prisoners on this boat fish some comrades out of the drink.

In the Rhine crossings, Coxswain Eurene Platoni had his LCVP in the first wave of boats over the river. He had the same job in Normandy on D-Day.

The Remagen bridge, before it collapsed into the twisted wreck above, was an unexpected dividend for Allied High Command river-spanning operations.

Cooking lunch in front of their boat are (l. to r.) Coxswains Frank Potyrolo and Harry Atkins and James Pizzano GM3c—all in on the Rhine crossing.

delicacies never found on the Army's menus.

The Old Navy CPOs' regard for Navy tradition took a hell of a beating under the Army life. Their chief objection was to the drab OD uniforms and the reversed-calf shoes they had to wear instead of their spotless blue uniforms and shiny black shoes. Another affront to their pride was the way even their boats became GI, with their hulls painted olive drab.

But the story which the Old Navy men themselves will never be able to live down is the way one of their select circle got the Purple Heart hundreds of miles from an ocean and not even close to a good river. Chief Machinist James L. Trammell of Beaumont, Tex., was in Aachen, trying to find spare parts for his boats when Jerry artillery started shelling the town. Trammell had stretched out under an Army jeep when a piece of shrapnel hit him in the hand. He got the Purple Heart for his wounds, but he didn't keep it long. Abashed by the circumstances of his decoration, he later gave the medal to a little Belgian girl who had been injured when a buzz-bomb hit her home.

There was another incident that showed the Navy would never put too much faith in the Army. On the night the Ninth Army jumped off, a convoy sites was halted on a narrow German road. The of LCMs and LCVPs being trucked to their ferry boats were still half a mile from the Rhine and about the same distance in front of a battery of American heavy artillery. The convoy was to wait there until 0200, when it would proceed to beaches under cover of the artillery barrage scheduled to start at that time. One LCM crewman decided to bed down in his boat for a couple of hours' sleep, but before doing so he carefully set his alarm clock for the exact time the Army was to launch its greatest artillery barrage of the war.

EVERY detail of the new amphibious technique had been perfected when the unexpected capture of the Remagen bridge took the edge off the combined operation set up by the Allied High Command for storming the Rhine. But the Army still needed the Navy to provide the quick build-up of troops, weapons and supplies to support the first elements of the 9th Armored Infantry that had crossed the Rhine at Remagen. So the Navy task unit assigned to the First Army went into action ferrying men and vehicles across the river in LCVPs while ponton and treadway bridges were being constructed to ease the traffic load on the captured bridge.

The first U. S. naval vessel ever to cross the Rhine touched on the east bank at 1140 hours on March 9, with reinforcements for the First Army troops then fighting to extend their bridgehead. It was a 36-foot LCVP manned by Roy L. Stull S1c of Bergoo, W. Va.; Gordon T. Simmons S1c of Turlock, Calif.; Theodore M. Stratton S1c of Long Beach, Calif., and J. C. Alger S1c of Boonville, N. Y.

While ferrying the 1st Infantry Division across the Rhine in the First Army bridgehead sector, some of the crews of the Navy small boats recognized men of the "Red One" Division whom they had taken into Omaha Beach on D-Day. All the Navy crewmen taking part in the Rhine operations were veterans of at least one amphibious-assault landing and some had operated landing craft in all four major landings in the ETO—North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Normandy.

During the crucial days of the Remagen bridgehead, they flushed out two members of the German "Gamma" swimmers who had been sent out to blow the Rhine spans being used by the Americans. The "Gamma" swimmers, equipped with oxygen helmets, rubber suits and duck feet, could swim underwater indefinitely. But they were forced to the surface where they were captured by the Army guards. Intense artillery fire which the Germans leveled on the Remagen bridge failed to stop the Navy's regular patrol of the Rhine. Nor did it stop the patrol from doing a little shooting of its own. One LCVP crew was credited by the Army with shooting down a Focke-Wolfe 190 which attacked the bridge. Manning the boat's .50-caliber machine gun at the time was 19-year-old Calvin Davenport S1c of Rocky Mount, N. C.

With him on the boat were Coxswain Philip E. Sullivan of Suffolk, Va.; Donald C. Weaver MoMM3c of Indianapolis, Ind., and Irving T. Sanford S1c of Greensboro, N. C.

Navy LCMs and LCVPs were also used in the Third Army's crossing of the Rhine which came unexpectedly the day before the Ninth Army jumped off. The Third Army's naval unit, which had trained on the Moselle River, was quartered in an old French cavalry barracks during its pre-invasion maneuvers. Nazi soldiers, who had previously occupied the barracks, had painted a sign "*Adolf Hitler Kaserne*" over the front entrance. When the U. S. Navy steamed in, the sailors rechristened it the "*USS Blood and Guts.*"

Instead of being lowered from their mother ships, landing craft were dunked in the Rhine by cranes.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Birthday History

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, ITALY—You can write the combat history of the 34th Division from the last three birthdays of Cpl. Francis Thornton, who formerly lived on a farm at Churdan, Iowa, and is now with the 34th's 185th Field Artillery Battalion.

Three years ago he celebrated his birthday in action at Sbeiba in North Africa. The next year he celebrated on the outskirts of Monte Cassino. This year he had a gay time on the outskirts of the Po Valley.

He can hardly wait for the next one.

—Cpl. NATHAN S. LEVY
YANK Field Correspondent

OVERSEAS PLATE. Pvt. Edward Keiper, with the Fifteenth Air Force, had forgotten about renewing his California auto license, but the license bureau in his home town of Santa Barbara remembered and sent it to him in Italy. He tried the plate on a jeep before sending it back home to his wife.

Seven-Tongued Private

PUERTO RICO—GIs have to watch their language around one of the MPs here. He is Pvt. Ricardo Pinkus, who can understand insults in seven languages.

Pinkus, otherwise known as "The League of Nations," was born in Germany of Russian parents. He is a citizen of Colombia, but his last place of residence was in Aruba, a Dutch possession. He went to school in Belgium and Central America, and in 1944 came to Puerto Rico to enlist in the American Army.

His seven languages are English, Spanish, French, Dutch, German, Hebrew and Papiamentu. This last is a jargon spoken by the Negroes of Curacao, with a vocabulary of mixed Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, English, Carib and native African.

—Sgt. DON COOKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Nomenclature, Overseas Bar

France—They have finally found a name here for the overseas bar that signifies six months' service outside the States. It's called the "Hershey Bar," but it has nothing to do with chocolate. The boys are just showing their appreciation of Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, Selective Service director, who has made it possible for them to see all these wonderful sights. —YANK Staff Correspondent

When MP Meets MP

LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—This happened on Highway 3, north of Manila. A jeep with "MILITARY POLICE" in big white letters on the windshield was batting down the road, driven by an MP lieutenant who was making up for too long on New Guinea's potholes.

Suddenly another jeepful of MPs pulled up alongside and waved him to the curb. "Afraid I've got to give you a ticket, sir," said one of the MPs. "Speed limit's 25 and you were going 50."

The lieutenant was outraged. He pointed out that he was supposed to be on the giving, not the receiving end. Nothing did any good. In five minutes he was holding a speeding ticket and the carful of MPs was on its way.

The lieutenant got back in his jeep and thought for a while. Then he started after the other jeep. When it came within sight, he trailed it for a while at a legal 25 miles per. Then, on a downgrade, he pulled alongside and waved it to the shoulder.

"Sorry, boys," he said. "Sorry as hell, but I've got to give *you* a ticket. You were doing 26 miles an hour."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Pardon My Star

IRAN—Things are coming to a pretty pass when a general writes a letter to his enlisted men, thanking them for getting him a promotion, but that's what Brig. Gen. Frank S. Besson Jr. did. Gen. Besson commands the 3d Military Railway Service and his recent promotion to one star made him at 34 the youngest general in the Ground or Service Forces. It also made him so happy that he sat right down and wrote:

"Many of you men, stymied by the lack of T/O vacancies, are doing work which calls for a higher grade. It is paradoxical that your outstanding, successful performance has resulted in rewarding —not yourselves—but me.

"I have no illusions about who has earned the promotion I have received. While I appreciate the fact that I owe my promotion to the work of you men in the railway service, I am nevertheless mighty happy to be a brigadier general—and I thank you all sincerely for the honor you have bestowed upon me."

The Old Army was never like this.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Loss in Action

MANILA—Talk of the horrors of war! Sgt. Kirby Castlebury of Bakersfield, Calif., a platoon sergeant with the 129th Infantry on Luzon, can tell you one of the grimmer ones from personal experience.

The sergeant was going through the most rugged part of the Ermita fighting here when he stumbled happily over nine full bottles of pre-World War II Scotch whisky. Before he could do much more than fondle the labels, however, his platoon was ordered to move out under fire. In desperation, Castlebury hurriedly dug a cache for his Scotch and covered it over with earth.

In a house-to-house fight later in the same day, a splatter of flying plaster skinned his ribs and he was evacuated. The medical powers that be kept Castlebury in the evacuation hospital for a full 48 hours Then he got out, went over the fence and worried his way back to the scene of his earlier adventures and his buried treasure.

All he found was a gaping, empty shell hole.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Three Campaigns as 4-F

DUTCH NEW GUINEA—After 32 months overseas with the Red Raiders heavy-bomb group, Sgt. Ed Hoffman of Long Valley, N. J., is going home—the only man in this Air Force to go through three campaigns with a 4-F draft card in his pocket.

Classified 4-F because of a weak heart, Hoffman convinced an examining board that he was fit for the Air Force because "they don't do much walking." He has since walked all over Australia and New Guinea and describes himself as "the world's champion jerk."

—Cpl. DONN MUNSON
YANK Field Correspondent

Buxted Typewroterz

LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—When all is said and done, the forgotten hero of this war is probably the unrated soldier who keeps the typewriters running. Even the Engineers and Ordnance people who keep everything else running get a certain amount of acclaim for their efforts. The man who repairs busted typewriters doesn't get a thing except more busted typewriters.

If there were no cannons, rifles, vehicles or airplanes the war would still be won. Someone sitting behind a mahogany desk in Washington would simply say, "Give the Infantry broomsticks and tell them to go and beat the enemy's brains out." But if all the typewriters were to fail at once we'd be all washed up.

Take the case of Pfc. Salvatore Vacirca of Lawrence, Mass. Vacirca is technically an amphibian engineer, but he formerly worked for Underwood and later had an agency for Royal and L. C. Smith, the typewriter people.

Vacirca was called in when a typewriter just up and conked out here right in the middle of an order, which was probably prohibiting something or other. He looked the machine over and saw that the drawband had broken. The drawband operates from the mainspring which operates the carriage. A typewriter without a drawband is as helpless as an Army without a typewriter.

Vacirca thought quickly. He knew there would not be any typewriter drawbands among the replacement equipment for landing barges. He knew also that in this critical moment he could not fail. Instantly he made his decision. He went to the medics and got some of the gut used by surgeons to sew people up. It was thin but tough. It fitted perfectly.

In five minutes the typewriter was functioning smoothly. Vacirca relaxed. The tense faces around him relaxed. The day had been saved. Once again the Army could move forward.

—Sgt. CHARLES D. PEARSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Glider Ambulance

GERMANY—The Army's first glider-ambulance service began at the Remagen bridgehead, when a transport plane picked up a motorless glider with 12 wounded soldiers and set them down again nine minutes later at the entrance to an evac hospital 50 miles behind the lines.

Ten of the patients were Americans. The other two were Germans. One of the GIs was nailed by a Kraut bullet at 0800 and was at the hospital for lunch.

The Army says it's the beginning of "a new and important phase of medical history."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

SUPERFORT MODEL. Sgt. John Ramirez of Oklahoma City, Okla., has a special assignment, which is to paint insignia on B-29s at the XX Bomber Command's Air Depot in India. The pretty insignia he is painting here is Jane Brandow of a USO show, which stopped by while touring India and Burma.

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Merioneth Whittaker has already worked for Uncle in Bolivia. Now she would like a job in Europe.

Margaret Murphy, a supervising bookkeeper, has no preference, just wants to go anywhere abroad.

They Want To Go

If man bites dog is news, what is it when civilian girls like these start pleading for tours of duty in the overseas war zones?

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

THE old gag that goes, "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain," is getting a new twist back home these days. A lot of wives and girls of GIs in overseas theaters who have been sweating out their men's return are now trying to get overseas to join them.

The Office of Strategic Services, the Government agency that coordinates intelligence for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recently announced that it had some 200 jobs for women aged 23 to 42 in various spots abroad. Though it's true the salaries offered, plus overtime and maintenance allowances, were considerably higher than the prevailing rates paid for such jobs in the States, the OSS officials were amazed at the great number of women who responded.

The girls who thought they saw an opportunity to join their men were disappointed. The State Department doesn't allow civilian employees of the Government to go to theaters where their relatives or boy friends are assigned, and the OSS can't hire them.

It was the first time a great number of jobs for typists and financial clerks in Africa, the Far East and Western Europe had been offered to American civilian women. Besides the thousands who applied in person in Washington, D. C., and New York City, the two places where the OSS held interviews, thousands more telephoned, sent telegrams and wrote air-mail letters asking that jobs be reserved for them.

The jobs pay a base salary of $2,000 a year, and a maintenance allowance of $1,377 in the Far East and $1,134 in Western Europe. In addition, there is an annual allowance of $410 in both places for overtime. OSS officials say the money is almost as great a lure as the husbands and boy friends overseas; to a girl used to making from $35 to $40 a week, the average of about $70 a week looks pretty attractive.

But it wasn't just sex and adventure, or the comparatively high salaries, that brought all the girls to the OSS hiring offices. Here are some of the reasons women gave for wanting jobs overseas:

Winifred Lieck, who lives at Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y., is a secretary for an executive in a chemical concern that's doing war work. "Even so," said Miss Lieck, "I don't feel quite near enough to the war. I think that if I went overseas I could do much more for the war effort."

Merioneth Whittaker returned to the United States recently from Bolivia, where she had spent nine months with the Rubber Development Corporation, a Government agency. "I'd like to go over to Europe and see what has happened there," she said. "I would like to see how the war has affected the people and I would like to help them in any way I can." Miss Whittaker was born in Colorado, went to school in Switzerland and has traveled in France and Germany. She speaks several languages.

Gwen Mallach, a small, slim brunette from Farmingdale, Long Island, is a clerical worker and production planner at Grumman Aircraft. "Why do I want to go overseas?" she asked. "Why, I want to see all those places I've been reading about in the papers since the war started. I would like to go to Paris. My sister Maxine is a sergeant in the WAC. She was in the Philippines when the prisoners of the Japs were freed, and she saw them.

"The reason I'd like to go to Paris particularly is because I'm half French, on my father's side, and I studied French in high school. And, also, my boy friend is in the Army, and he's in England. No, of course that's not in France, but it's closer to him than I am now, isn't it?"

Yes, it is, dear.

ABOUT 20 percent of the girls who want to go overseas have husbands or boy friends in the places they pick, according to the hiring agent for the OSS. In most cases they know that the State Department won't give them passports because of the rule against U.S. employees being sent to countries where they have relatives. So they don't say anything about their husbands or boy friends, even if they're asked. But they might as well tell right away, because they are investigated not alone by the OSS, but by the FBI as well. In about six weeks, if a girl is accepted, she is ready to go overseas.

"I'd like to go to Switzerland," declared Betty Loughran of Hartsdale, N. Y., who is a secretary. "I would like to go there because I'm very interested in seeing what happened over there in the war. This country is really so untouched by the war. Especially," she added wistfully, "because more than five million men are out of the country. It looks to me like it would be very interesting and exciting over there."

Margaret Murphy, from the Greenwich Village section of New York City, has been a supervising bookkeeper for seven years. "And I'm getting bored with it," she said. "The thought of going overseas is awfully attractive. I've got no preferences about going any place. Just anywhere at all, as long as it's away from here. And I think the pay will work out fine. I think it will work out at least as well as it does here at home, especially with the way the cost of living has been going up here all the time."

"I've been working in a bank," said Helen McGiff of Jackson Heights, New York City. "I've always wanted to travel, and working in a bank I'd never be able to. The place I'd like to go is Saudi Arabia. But if I can't get to Saudi Arabia, I'll take Cairo. Why do I want to go there? Well, I think it's so beautiful in those places, so romantic. The Arabs are the most romantic people in the world.

"How do I know? Well," said Miss McGiff, "I've never met or known an Arab, but I've read about them, and I've seen them in the movies."

Miss McGiff heaved a sigh. A deep sigh, from all the way down.

Gwen Mallach works at Grumman Aircraft. She'd like to go to Paris because she's half French.

Betty Loughran, a secretary, would like to go to Switzerland to see what has happened there

Helen McGiff has been working in a bank. She has her sights set on "beautiful romantic" Arabia.

BANKERS' HOURS

All the Japs could draw was a sight draft on lead when GIs took over the Manila branch of New York's National City Bank.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—The National City Bank of New York, in downtown Manila, is a modern six-story building facing south across the Pasig River near Jones Bridge. Opposite it, in the northeast corner of Intramuros (the Walled City) was Lentran College, a long, four-story, Spanish-style building. The college is a ruin now, pitted and scarred with rifle, machine-gun and three sizes of mortar fire. There are a dozen great gaping holes in its north side, the result of point-blank tank and artillery fire. One-five-five howitzers, too, at point-blank range, hammered the college, punching a two-story, rubble-filled gap where the entrance had been.

The Japs who holed up in the college are dead now, buried, stinking under smashed tons of masonry. They were killed in hand-to-hand fighting. But while they lived those Japs held the college, and from it occasionally they sniped at the bank building across the river.

Elements of the 37th Division had grabbed the bank, after short, bitter fighting, within a few days of entering the city. Overlooking the Walled City, the port district and the American district, the bank was a natural for an OP. And the artillery followed the infantry into the building and up the stairs, floor by floor, until they were sitting on the sixth, exactly 70 feet above what remained the front line in that sector for nearly three weeks.

The Japs across the Pasig commanded the street leading down to the bank's front door; they could plaster it with rifle, sniper, machine-gun and mortar fire. While they did, the infantry and artillerymen who were "working in the bank" went the last half block to their offices one at a time, hugging the buildings across the street, scrambling, crouched low, over the rubble that blocked the sidewalk, then racing the width of the street to the bank's entrance at top speed. BAR, .30- and .50-caliber machine-gun squads on the lower floors of the bank building banged back at any Japs who showed up south of the 15-foot-wide Pasig. Later tanks, half-tracks and armored cars clanked down to the water's edge and tossed a few rounds at the Walled City. And as the Jap positions south of the river were knocked out or overrun, their fire decreased until eventually only an occasional sniper's shot shattered the district's real-estate possibilities. By that time there was a beaten path through the rubble and craters and dangling high lines along that last half block. Runners had learned through constant practice to cover the twists of the path in seconds flat.

Inside the bank, on the ground floor, the rubble and plaster lay inches thick. Steel filing cabinets and typewriters burned black and twisted lay jumbled together. Broken glass, straw mats, torn sacks of rice, grenade boxes, scattered Jap small-arms ammo and papers littered the lobby and blocked the elevator entrance. On the peeling, fire-blackened door of the vault was a red and white sticker, "SEALED BY CIC." One-twenty wire hung in dangling loops between the pitted marble pillars or trailed across the mess on the floor. The wire went up the stair well and in the half light it resembled the snarled, dangling vines of the jungle. As on the street, a narrow path led through the rubble to the stairs. There were few footprints anywhere else—Jap mines and booby traps discouraged too much poking around.

On the third floor, in an office near the stairs, was a .30-caliber machine gun. The gun section had pushed a desk lengthwise against a window with a southern exposure overlooking Intramuros, put a double line of sandbags on its sill and mounted their gun on the desk. The gunner sat hunched behind the desk, one hand on the tripod. From another chair nearer the window a second GI trained field glasses on Intramuros. Two more grubbed in a 10-in-1 box. A fifth, curled in a chair, tried to sleep.

On the sixth floor, in one-time brokers' offices, were the OPs. Sitting behind the same desks where, two weeks before, deals involving thousands of Jap pesos had been closed, GIs gave the fire directions that foreclosed the mortgages on a lot of Nipponese lives. They were dealing in real estate too, and on those desks were spread large maps of Manila, each block numbered and ranged like a Los Angeles subdivision. And they were doing a rushing business. One lieutenant said he thought he'd fired more rounds of 105 in the last two days than in the last two years. All was not business as usual in the National City Bank, of course—the bankers' hours, for instance, were 0001 to 2400, and lunches were always sent in. There was a switchboard in the hall, but no pert operator perched on a swivel stool cooing "Hell-oo." Instead, T-5 Robert Gagyi of Dayton, Ohio, sitting spraddle-legged on the floor, one thumb on the butterfly switch of his field phone, droned "Roger."

THERE were two battalion OPs on the sixth floor the first afternoon, spotting from adjoining offices. A runner, entering the wrong office, was told, "The ___ FA? Right down the hall—Room 608."

The glass in the door of 608 was broken and the outer office stripped bare. Somebody had stuck signs, one reading "LADIES" and the other "GENTLEMEN", on the two doors leading to the inner office. That office was relatively intact. It sported a desk, three or four straight-back chairs, a couple of overstuffed chairs, two swivel chairs and a couch. A lieutenant sat at the desk, tilted back in one of the swivel chairs, his feet on the desk blotter. He was lighting a pipe. On the hat rack near the door hung helmets, carbines and a pistol belt. Some 10-in-1 boxes lay scattered about; a couple of visiting firemen peered through field glasses at the Walled City. At two of the windows observers kept their eyes glued to range finders. They'd located some Japs.

On a third-floor balcony on the north side of the Manila Hotel, 1,500 yards south-southwest of the bank, about a dozen of those Japs were working feverishly at throwing what appeared to be furniture and fixtures into the court below. Two or three people muttered, "God, what a target." In the adjoining office the CO of a battalion of 155s was on the phone, talking to division or corps, explaining the situation and asking—pleading, it almost seemed—for permission to open fire on the hotel. He got it. Somebody said, "Boy, this is going to be a beautiful sight."

A phone rang. The lieutenant hooked a field-phone head set out of one of the desk drawers. There was a French phone on his desk, plugged into the battalion switch, but too many people, too long accustomed to field phones, had made a point of using that French phone during the early days of the OP's operation and now its battery was finished. The lieutenant talked briefly and passed along the news that the 155s were going to open on the Manila Hotel. "See if you can get us in on it," he asked, and put the phone back in its drawer.

Everyone had hitched his chair near the window now. Pfc. James Planck of Hulbert, Mich., observing another sector through a range finder, swung around for a quick look at the hotel, then swung back to cover his own sector. S/Sgt. Leroy Erwin of York, Pa., slumped in a swivel chair behind a pair of field glasses, said, "This is like a $2.20 box seat."

It was 1500. The lieutenant said, "It'll take 'em a few minutes to line the guns." We sat in our $2.20 seats, waiting, as if for a curtain to rise. Below us the .30-caliber and then a .50 hammered briefly, like programs rattling. From the hallway T-5 Gagyi called, "On the way."

Seconds later a roar passed overhead. A gray-black sponge of HE appeared short and left of the hotel. There was a low mumble of conversation in the next office, and the CO, a lieutenant-colonel, called, "Five-zero left, five-zero short." Gagyi repeated the range. A captain at one of the windows, his glasses on the hotel balcony, said, "They have stopped throwing things. No, the little sons of bitches are still on the porch."

"On the way," Gagyi called again, and the roar passed overhead but there was no discernible puff of smoke. The colonel ordered, "Repeat range." Gagyi passed the order back to the guns.

No. 3 exploded short of the hotel. The colonel said, "I saw that! Five-zero short." Two birds drifted lazily past the windows of the OP. Downstairs small-arms fire cracked and whistled. No. 4 was left, No. 5 short, No. 6 lost. No. 7 burst in the trees next the hotel. The Japs on the porch had disappeared. When the smoke cleared there was a tiny jagged black hole in the red tile of its roof. The colonel said, "Range and deflection correct."

FORTY-FIVE minutes later the Japs in the Manila Hotel should have checked out, bag and baggage. But they didn't, though the upper floors hammered by the 155s burned brightly all that night. Days later 1st Cavalry troops checked into the hotel, with hand grenades as baggage and no reservations, and cleaned the Japs out a roomful at a time.

Back in the bank that afternoon the magic words "Manila Hotel" had lost their appeal. The hotel now was just another target, a long-dreamed-of lush spot that had gone the way of the other lush spots—the Army-Navy Club, the Spanish Club, the University Club.

"Oh well," said one GI, "We got some Japs out of it. And, what the hell, it would have been off limits anyhow."

Here is a view of Corregidor on May 7, 1942, a day after U. S. troops surrendered. In the foreground Japs look over a group of Filipino PWs.

Gen. Masaharu Homma, conqueror of Singapore and supreme Japanese commander in the Philippines, takes his ease a week after the fall of Corregidor.

Behind the Japanese Lines on LUZON

The pictures on these pages were taken by Manuel Alcantara, a photographer for the Manila *Tribune*, during the Jap occupation. While taking pictures under the Jap Department of Information he was also a secret agent for United States forces in the Philippines. He kept these photos hidden until Yanks entered Manila.

Japs advance on Manila on January 3, 1942. Their light tanks are crossing a bypass on Highway 6 north of the city as our tanks did three years later

A Jap soldier gets a grandstand view of the destruction of U. S. property in the Philippines. It's an oil fire at Iloilo City in the province of Panay

Japs of the "Bicycle Division" pedal southward toward Manila on the day they entered it. GIs of the 37th Division marched here 37 months later

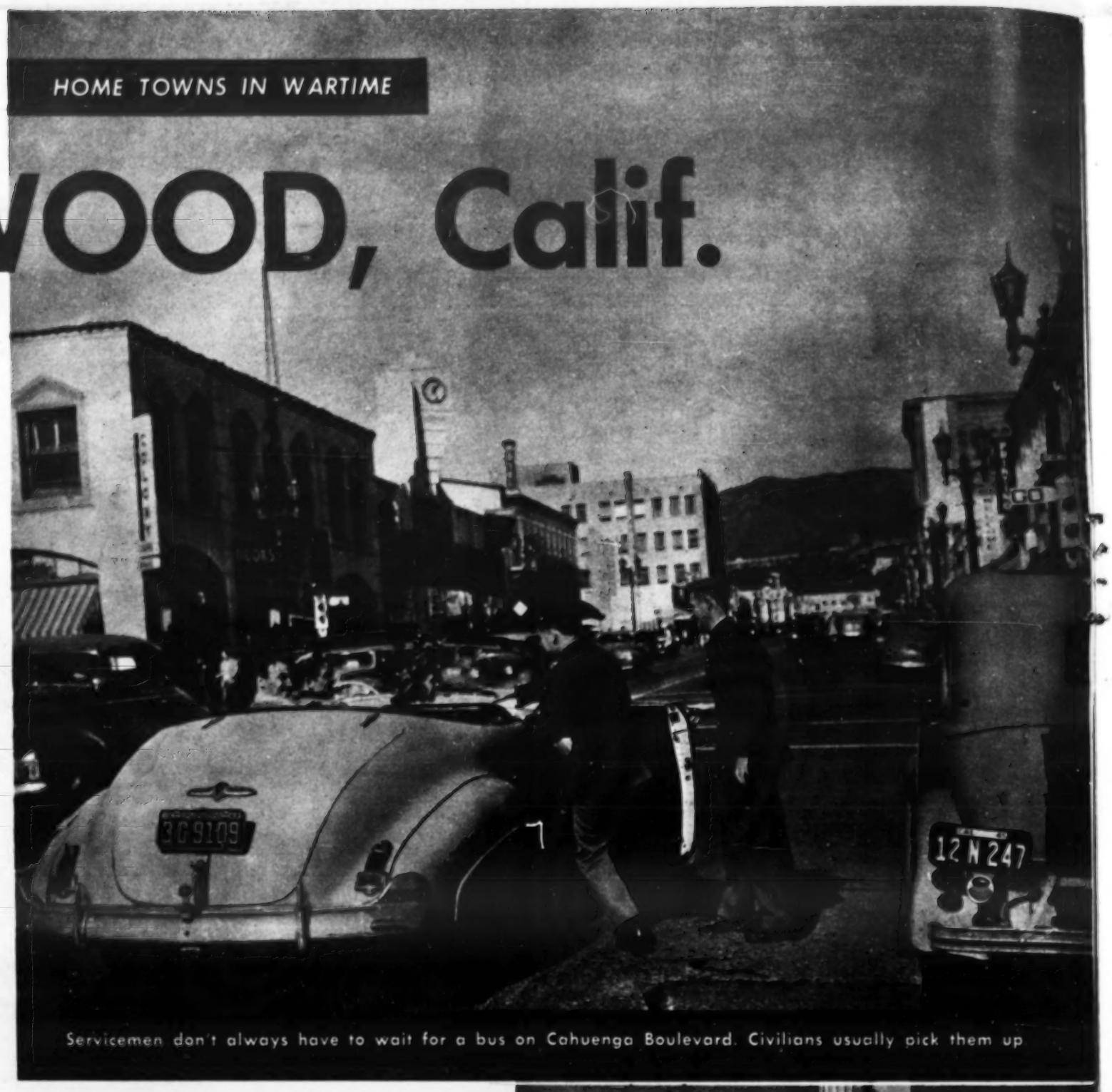
American and Filipino prisoners captured on Corregidor were hauled in trucks or marched, if strong enough, to Bilibid Prison in Manila, 40 miles away

On April 11, 1942, American PWs on Bataan sort U. S. equipment to be taken over by the Japs. Then the death march to Camp O'Donnell began.

A Jap stands guard before a pillbox in Manila's business district on January 27, 1945, a week before Americans of the 1st Cavalry entered the city

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.



Servicemen don't always have to wait for a bus on Cahuenga Boulevard. Civilians usually pick them up

War industries have invaded the movie colony; the girls are still lovely but they're just as likely to be welders now as film stars.

By Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

HOLLYWOOD—Back in 1939 when a few brave souls forsook their movie jobs for riveting berths at Lockheed, it caused nearly as much commotion here as the Fatty Arbuckle scandal. Hollywood had always been a one-industry town, and the fact that script clerks lived next door to set electricians, studio grippers bowled against makeup men, and low-priced extras sometimes took a poke at high-priced actors gave the town its special place in the sun.

Five years of war can work wonders. Now, in 1945, approximately 40 percent of Hollywood's wage earners are working in the aircraft industry while another 22 per cent are employed by local war industries. Only 24 percent of the town's citizens are in motion pictures. The 1940 population figure of 210,000 has mounted to 235,000, and nearly all the newcomers work in war jobs.

Over 40,000 workers are employed in some 200 small-scale war industries that have sprung up in Hollywood since Pearl Harbor. Most of the plants are situated in temporary and makeshift buildings in the district lying between Santa Monica and Sunset Boulevards. These plants make plastics, precision instruments, gauges and airplane hydraulic valves. At least 18 firms, all making plastic appliances, plan to stay in the community. Hollywood apparently will never again be a one-industry town.

Despite this influx of new industries and new workers, Hollywood remains a district of Los Angeles, and the age-old fight to make it a separate municipality still goes on and on. Los Angeles postal authorities put up a terrible howl, but the mail around Hollywood and Vine still comes in addressed to Hollywood 29, California.

The lazy and warm *mañana* atmosphere—the feeling that there isn't a thing today which can't be put off till tomorrow—has gradually faded in the last three years. The best way to get the new atmosphere is to sit on the wooden bench at the Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard bus stop and watch an early Saturday-night crowd hurrying along the main drag.

Though the Boulevard still boasts the most concentrated array of beautiful young women to be seen anywhere in America, the old zip isn't in the passing show any more, and you don't want to whistle and turn handsprings as much as you did in the old days. At least not quite. It's not as it used to be when the lovelies, dressed in their sloppy but revealing slacks, paraded slowly from shop window to shop window eying the new styles while the male population paraded even more slowly eying the girls who were eying the styles. Now the ladies rush down the street with a jerky, tense jauntiness, a lot of them wearing aircraft-employee identification discs on their blouses. Nowadays a beautiful doll often is seen walking along the Boulevard lugging a lunch pail.

But the girls look just as healthy, just as tanned and just as pretty. All they seem to need is a more tranquil world so that they can slow down a bit, and get into more comfortable, more revealing slacks again.

One thing that surprises you is that there are lots of cars on the streets. There seem to be more today than there were before the gas shortage. The large number of cars is explained by the fact that many townspeople work in the aircraft plants far out in the Encino Valley and hold high gas-ration cards.

It isn't unusual to see women driving cabs and busses. One of these, "The Growler," a squat, broad-beamed dame who drives the Western Avenue bus, embarrasses the hell out of civilians with her colorful language. And she works over her GI trade more thoroughly than a Fort Bragg first sergeant. One night she bawled out a marine for blocking the bus doorway.

"Listen, lady," said the indignant marine, "you're talking to a guy who's been in five major campaigns."

"So what?" retorted "The Growler." "You're talking to a dame who's been a bouncer at the Palladium on Saturday nights."

A car-hop serves a driver at Carpenter's Drive-In

NIGHT life is much the same. Earl Carroll still draws the out-of-town butter-and-egg crowd with his old routine of "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world." Earl's girls have yet to make a liar out of him. The Florentine Gardens, which opened a little before Pearl Harbor, is now a Hollywood Boulevard institution, drawing the same kind of trade as the Carroll emporium. The Palladium is booming; Gene Krupa, just finishing a long engagement there, made the joint jump so high that two of his recent sessions were tabbed as the cause of minor L.A. earthquakes.

But the "zoot suit" crowd of newspaper fame has gone, and swing-happy jivesters now go out of this world without people making a national issue of it. The draft law and war industries seem to have taken care of Hepdom's problem children.

The Sunset Bowling Alley, with its 52 lanes, is as busy as ever, though the alleys have lost a lot of out-of-town customers, who, because of gas rationing, can't make it into Hollywood. People are spending a lot more money; in 1940 $100,790,000 was spent in stores of the community; in 1944 the amount jumped to $150,000,000.

It used to be that the normal citizens would turn the town's bars, hot spots and theaters over to the tourists and autograph hounds on Saturday and Sunday nights while they slipped out to Pasadena or Glendale to see a movie in peace, or whisked over to a small joint in Burbank or Encino for a few pay-day drinks. Those days are gone. Now, as a result of that gas shortage, blasé Hollywoodites have to stick pretty close to town and buck the long lines in front of the Hollywood-Egyptian and Grauman's Chinese Theaters in order to see a show. To get a drink they have to jostle the crowds at the bars of the Seven Seas, Melody Lane, the Radio Room and the Brown Derby.

Except for a few minor alterations, the high-school crowd seems much the same. The boys have discarded the traditional dirty corduroys for another pants craze, "Levis." The name comes from the concern that makes this special type of dungaree. The dungarees are purchased two lengths oversize and the extra material at the bottom has got to be folded twice into a huge but neat cuff. Unless the pants are folded twice and the cuff measures at least eight inches they aren't "Levis" but just plain dungarees. The girls still wear those tight pink sweaters and short skirts, and the favorite male noonday pastime at Hollywood High is to sit on the Administration Building steps and watch the girls go by.

The kids still hang out in the corner drug store at Sunset and Highland, and star-struck damsels still sit at the counter waiting for someone to discover them as Billy Wilkerson discovered Lana Turner some years ago. The famous thick milk shake and hot-fudge sundae you used to get at Brown's candy store on the Boulevard have dropped a long way in quality; Brown's has to use iced milk instead of the rich cream of former years. Rich cream nowadays is something to remember, not drink.

There is a teen-age night club on Sunset Boulevard now right up the street from the

Crossroads of the World. It's quite popular, even though the swing dished out is a little on the mellow side and nothing more potent than coke is served. Zarappi's, the rumba joint on lower Sunset Boulevard, still gets most of the hip-swinging fiends, and there are more of them these days than there used to be.

The political picture in the town is much the same. Lloyd G. Davies, a Republican, is city councilman, and John Kingsley, who operates the Kingsley Brothers stationery store, is still trying to resign as honorary mayor. John has held this unofficial position for five years. This year, as usual, he tried to quit, but the townspeople refused to accept his resignation.

The Presidential campaign caused quite a row, and oldsters say that seldom has so much interest been worked up in the old town. Jack L. Warner, Samuel Goldwyn and Katharine Hepburn headed the "For FDR" organization, while Lionel Barrymore, Ginger Rogers and Jeanette MacDonald worked at the Dewey headquarters.

In a town where hermits parade the streets in sackcloth and sandals—and don't draw a stare—and where a new grocery store has an opening with a battery of lights and a 10-piece band—and can't draw 10 customers—a man ringing doorbells and crooning to housewives oughtn't to be worth a yawn. But because the man was Frank Sinatra, the townfolk last summer were stunned. Some people say that Sinatra's door-to-door crooning in behalf of the Democrats did more to stir up last year's political excitement out this way than anything else that happened during the campaign.

Hollywood always has been a good sports town, and the Hollywood fan has rooted, bragged about and fought for his home-town teams with the fury usually attributed to the good citizens of Brooklyn. But he has been quiet of late. This past season Hollywood High's football team didn't win a single game and was beaten by the arch enemy, Fairfax High, 13-6. The Hollywood Stars, after a dull season, wound up sixth in the Coast League. There is talk that the Stars may become a farm of the New York Yankees, and most of the community hope that's so, because Yankee cast-offs are usually of high quality and might help the local team get out of the rut.

THERE are several large redistribution centers in the vicinity of Hollywood and the first request of GIs home from overseas is a pass to visit the movie mecca. On a Saturday night approximately 60,000 GIs arrive in town; in 1944 alone the community played host to 3,000,000 servicemen. Civic leaders have gone out of their way to make a serviceman's stay in town comfortable.

Moviedom's contribution, the Hollywood and Hollywood Guild Canteens, have received national publicity, but the unsung people of this town—the homeowners, the workers, the apartment dwellers—handle the major part of Hollywood's effort to make visiting GIs happy. A local "Beds For Buddies" Committee, in a town with one of the acutest housing shortages in America, has scraped up regular week-end sleeping accommodations for as many as 12,000 servicemen.

Each week end the Hollywood High Gym takes care of 1,000 GIs, and the school's principal, Lewis F. Foley, has opened the school cafeteria on Sunday mornings, with the high-school girls acting as waitresses and dishwashers. "We figured that after a busy Saturday night," Foley explains, "soldiers would be very hungry and slightly broke. We give them a breakfast of cereal, orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee and milk for 25 cents."

The B'nai B'rith on Crescent Heights Boulevard, the Blessed Sacrament Church on Sunset and practically every other church in town are operating service canteens. The town has more than 20 canteens in all.

Besides being the symbol of glamor, star dust and make-believe to untold millions of moviegoers the world over, Hollywood is also the cozy home town of approximately 16,000 GIs. The United States Employment Service has a veterans' section headed by a committee of 35 businessmen and civic leaders, most of whom are veterans of the first World War. These men already are helping discharged Joes get anything from a job to advice on where, and for how much, the wife can have that baby. Last year alone the veterans' section of the USES helped 2,426 of the town's vets obtain work.

Herman Joy, night principal at Hollywood High, is setting up free special courses for returning service men. Class work will be stripped down to the essentials. "I think," Mr. Joy explains, "that the boy who went away to war will not be content to dawdle through a normal high-school course. He will be much older, for one thing, and also impatient to get started toward a career in life. If a boy wants to complete his education, we plan to make it as easy and as fast as possible for him."

HOLLYWOOD has its own post-war plans, some of which are all set to start come the end of the duration. A $20,000,000 Hollywood Freeway, to cut diagonally across the business district, is one proposal. The Freeway, which is to be state-financed, will begin at Highland Avenue and Cahuenga Boulevard (just across from the Hollywood Bowl) and end at the Santa Ana Freeway, just north of the Post Office at North Main and Aliso Streets. Hollywoodites say it will be the most modern engineering job of its kind, with eight wide lanes and bridges over the busy streets.

Another project is a huge modern recreation center with two swimming pools, handball, tennis and volleyball courts, two softball diamonds, a football field and a large main building that can be used both as a gym and a dance hall. The recreation center will be situated at Santa Monica and Cahuenga Boulevards where the old M-G-M Studios used to be and where the circus pitched its tents a few years ago.

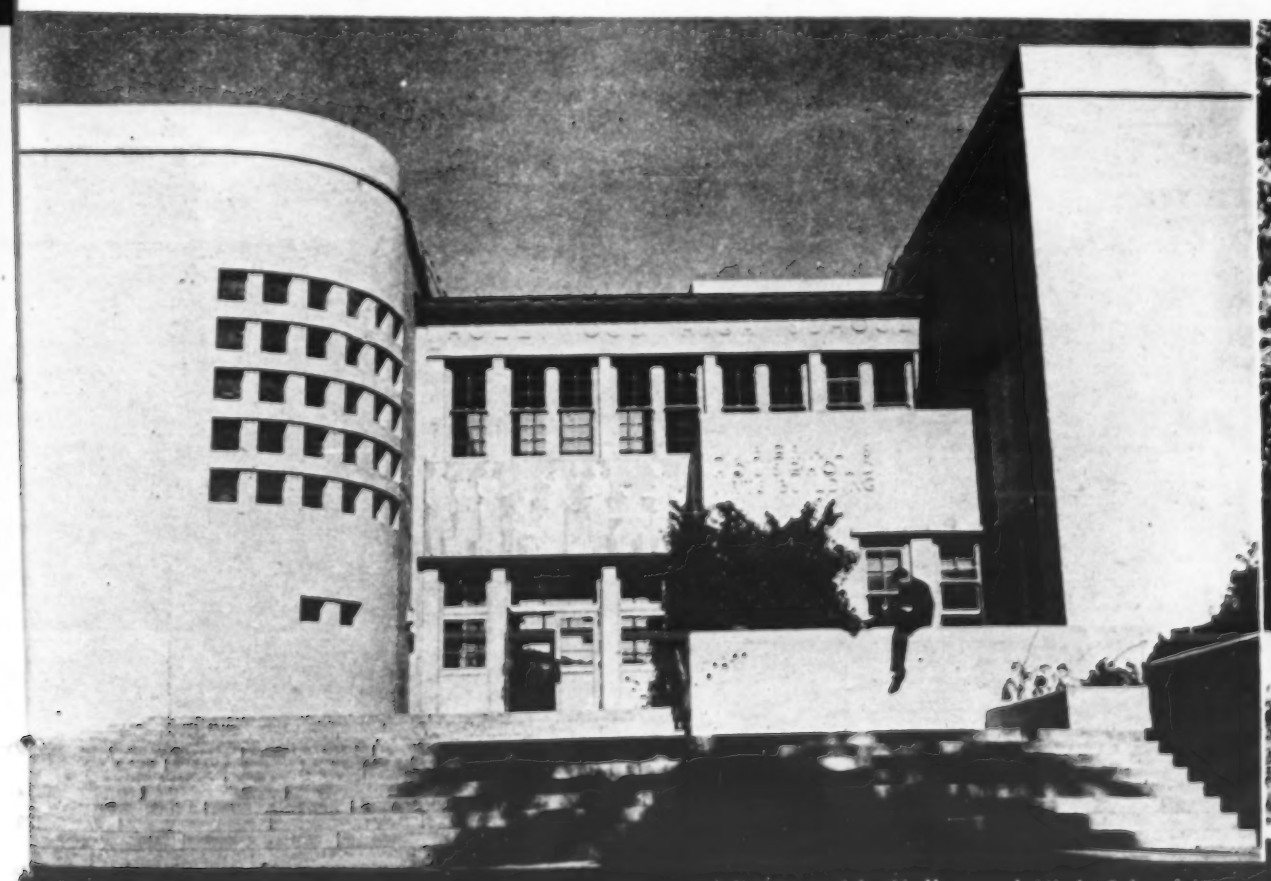
But the town today looks much the same as it did four years ago. White one-story houses with lawns in front remain the most popular type of home. The lawns, however, are not so well kept; it's almost impossible these days to hire gardeners. While the streets are clean, nowadays you notice an occasional matchstick along the curb. The weather this year has been unusually warm and for once the local Chamber of Commerce hasn't had to exaggerate about the absence of rain; there were only three days of rain all winter.

Those scary Oriental wax figures that used to frighten you as you walked into Grauman's Chinese Theater are gone. So many souvenir hunters stole the clothing off them that the management had to put the figures away. The usherettes at Grauman's are as cute and as sassy as ever and still wear those slinky dresses, but most of the pert car-hops at Carpenter's Drive-In have left for war plants. Everybody still goes around to the Warren pool parlor for a game of snooker, and Tom and Joe Griffin still operate the place. The Griffin boys have added another snooker table, but Joe hasn't yet found the hair restorer that works, and Tom is as grouchy as ever.

Angelo, the midget who has been selling papers on the northeast corner of Wilcox and Hollywood Boulevards for more years than old-timers remember, is still getting stepped on by the Saturday-night crowds. He lost 45 bucks last year betting on the horses at Hollywood Park. Little Angelo's horse system is still lousy.

All in all, the town hasn't changed too much, and you won't have a lot of trouble recognizing it. But if you get back any time soon, you will probably feel the same about Hollywood as old Sam Wong, the laundryman at 6430 Selma Avenue. When somebody asked him how things were going, Sam grunted, "Too glom dlam blusy."

You can follow the war on maps in the CBS Building.


A schoolboy does some noonday reading outside Hollywood High School.

These high-school boys tear around in a stripped-down Ford as in pre-war days.

In front of the Moulin Rouge, one of the famous cabarets in Montmartre, the three GIs get their bearings from a gendarme (policeman to you). The streets are emptier than they used to be, with no big crowds or barking taxicabs, but the old sights are still there to see. L. to r., Sgt. Kenneth Fisher, Pfc. Norman Wilson and Pfc. Ben Herbert.

SEEING PARIS

The three infantrymen pay their respects at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe, at the head of the Avenue des Champs Elysees.

Herbert, Fisher and Wilson stand off for a good look at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which, a guide would tell you, is a famous landmark and over 700 years old.

On Paris's great avenue, the Champs Elysees, they meet up with a couple of French girls and try a little of the old charm with their latest French words

After looking over the Paris Opera House, or the National Academy of Music, in the background, they have to go up to another gendarme and get some directions

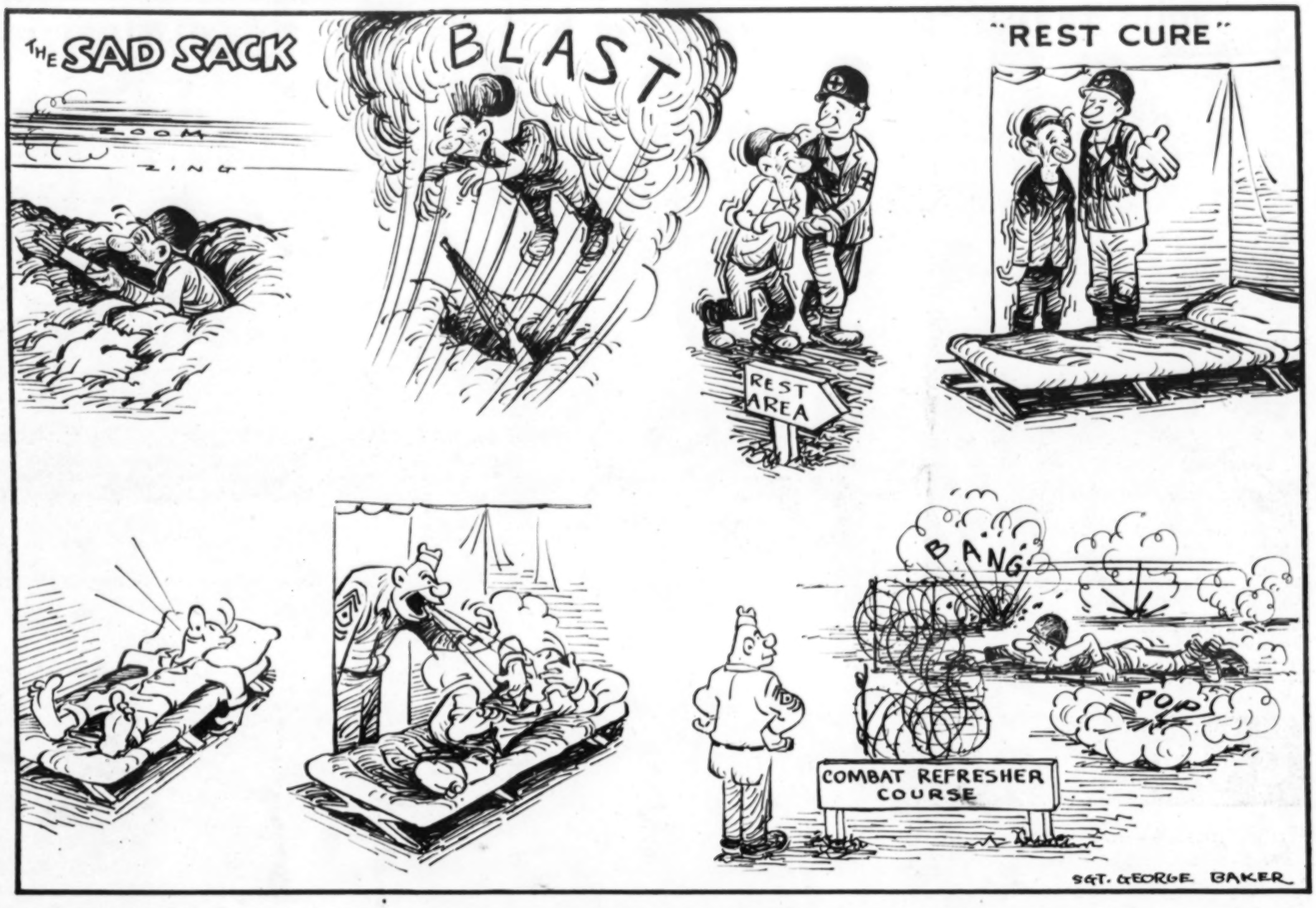
Sgt. Fisher, Pfc. Herbert and Pfc. Wilson look over a map of the city to locate some more points of interest

Lady Godiva, if that's who it is, would make a nice backdrop for any picture. This is in Montmartre

They stand in front of a model of the Statue of Liberty. France gave America the original in 1886

Backstage at the Folies Bergere they see some leg art at first hand and get an autographed pin-up picture from the lady herself, whose name is Gizelle

A bistro being as good a place as any in which to take a break from sightseeing the three GIs stop off to get some refreshments from this solid French barlady



Promotions to Pfc

Dear YANK:

I have been overseas for three years now and when I read your item that privates could be upped to pfc I rushed over to my CO and asked how's about it? He said he would look into it and I never heard another thing. Recently I asked him again and he said that I wouldn't get that stripe because I had been given company punishment about six months ago. Can he hold up the stripe for that reason?

Italy —Pvt. JAMES X. COLLINS

■ He sure can. The promotions to pfc are not automatic. *Change 5 of AR 615-5* says that men who are eligible for such promotion will not be upped in grade automatically. The promotion is supposed to be reserved for those qualified for but denied promotion because of a lack of vacancies in the T/O.

Insurance Payments

Dear YANK:

We're supposed to be paying premiums on our insurance. I pay on a $10,000 policy. Many of us have our folks, who are fairly old, as first beneficiary. If our first beneficiary dies, the second automatically gets the benefits. Did you know that the insurance pays only (and this is an actual case) $52.80 a month (in this case) for 120 months, or $6,336! This is a $3,664 swindle on a soldier who thought he paid on a $10,000 policy.

How come such business?

France —An Infantry Staff Sergeant

■ A recent amendment to the National Service Life Insurance Act authorizes what are known as Refund Life Income Settlements that enable a beneficiary to avoid the situation you describe. The chief change is in the payments on policies where the beneficiary is over 30 years of age. Under the old plan the first beneficiary received, for life, payments based on the beneficiary's age. If the first beneficiary died before receiving a total of 120 payments, the second beneficiary received payments at the same rate until a total of 120 payments had been made. This total might be less than the face value of the policy.

Under the new plan the first beneficiary, if over 30, will still receive payments for life, although at a slightly reduced rate. If the first beneficiary dies before receiving payments amounting to the face value of the policy, the second beneficiary will receive payments until a total equal to the face value of the policy has been paid.

To come within this new plan you must make your request in writing. Even if you do not apply, your first beneficiary may, upon your death, elect to receive payments under the new plan.

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Illegitimate Child

Dear YANK:

About a year ago my wife gave birth to a child of which I am not the father. At the time I figured everyone makes mistakes and told her it was all right to put me down as the father of the child. The birth certificate of the child shows me as the father.

I submitted a dependency claim for the child, and my wife has been drawing $80 a month for herself and the child since February 1944. Is the claim legal under the dependency laws, or am I liable for fraud?

I intend to return to the States in the next three or four months and if I find that I am unable to live with my wife I intend to get a divorce. If I do, will she still be able to demand payment for the child through a Class F allotment?

Panama —(Name Withheld)

■ The Office of Dependency Benefits, which handles family allotments, normally presumes that all children born in wedlock are legitimate. Since you have not challenged the child's legitimacy the ODB certainly will not. If you should obtain a divorce, however, the picture may change. In that case it will depend on whether or not the decree provides for alimony. If it does, the Class F allotment to your wife will continue. Otherwise it will stop.

Housing Loans

Dear YANK:

I have been reading stories in my home-town newspaper about veterans who apply for loans under the GI Bill of Rights and get turned down because the homes they want to buy are overpriced. I don't understand why such loans should be refused just because present property values are too high. Has the Veterans' Administration the right to refuse a guaranty for that reason?

Hawaii —M/Sgt. ROBERT WOHLMAN

■ It has. The law states that the Veterans' Administration shall not guarantee any loan on property for which the veteran is paying more than "the reasonable normal value." The fact that most housing is bringing abnormal prices does not change the picture so far as a guaranty goes. As a matter of fact, this provision of the law protects veterans from being suckered into overpaying for a home.

"A TOUGH FIGHT." Pvt. Nathan Oberferst of the Fort Lewis, Wash., ASFTC, telephones his folks to tell them how he beat Miss Jini O'Connor, who is Atlantic States and Mid-Western ping-pong champ.

Jascha Heifetz — T-5 Jasper E. Flaming

TONY KENNELS. Starky, mascot of the 403d ASF WAC Band, Charleston, S. C., hides out in a sousaphone wielded by T-5 Geraldine Scott

CAMP NEWS

From Those Who Know

AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J. — In a bomber over Germany six bombs failed to release. The bombardier swore and said, "If I ever get a chance, I'll show them how to fix that system so it never fails."

In a fighter plane escorting the same mission a fighter pilot looked at his instrument panel and then at the enemy fighters. "If I ever get a chance," he said, "I'll tell 'em how to regroup these instruments so they can be read at a glance."

Back at the base, a mechanic stuck his head from inside an engine. "Two hours to change that blankety-blank generator," he said to the crew chief. "If they'd just make me a simple little tool like I got in mind I could do it in half the time."

Home after months of combat duty, these boys are getting their chances. There's a set-up for collecting just such information at this and all other redistribution stations run by the AAF Personnel Distribution Command.

Called the Air Intelligence Contact Unit, it is headed by Maj. Gordon S. Torode, for two years a combat intelligence officer with a heavy bombardment group. "Our chief purpose is to find out what men don't like about the equipment they have used overseas," Maj. Torode says.

Suggestions come from all ranks and range all the way from a simple little tool a mechanic has devised to a complex report on how better air-support tactics can be used. A colonel developed a dive-bombing technique which became standard procedure. A sergeant who had been in one came up with an innovation to lessen the shock of belly landings.

ELIMINATING THE EXPLETIVE

AGF and SF Redistribution Station, Asheville, N. C.—Cpl. Pat Piccione of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been in the Army for six years and won the Bronze Star in Italy, and Pfc. Val Dobrychlop of Erie, Pa., who served as a paratrooper with the 82d Airborne Division, became friends after arriving here and agreed on a campaign to eliminate Army expletives from their vocabularies.

"Some day we'll be civilians again," Cpl. Piccione said, "and we don't want our talk to embarrass us. So we decided that whichever one used a word he wouldn't want to use in front of a lady would pay the other a penny."

"He owes me $4.06," said Pfc. Dobrychlop.

"But I'm improving," said Cpl. Piccione.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Croft, S. C.—T-4 Peter Moshenko is legally Peter Timoshenko. He has gone by the abbreviation ever since coming to this country from the Ukraine many years ago, but now he's changing back to the original. When he is asked whether he's making the change because of the Russian marshal of the same name he only smiles and says he does not know whether they are related. Both families came from the Ukraine.

Camp Maxey, Tex.—A psychology-wise dental surgeon in the Area 7 Clinic had his receptionist, Ruth Grant, hold the hand of a jittery doughboy, Pvt. Jack Tucker of the 99th Infantry Division, while his wisdom tooth was being extracted. That was last May, and the tooth became the first of a collection of 23 Miss Grant now has stitched into a bracelet. Her plans now call for a wisdom-tooth necklace and earrings.

Camp Haan, Calif.—The roster of K Company, SCU 1999, recently deactivated here, read like a private's lament. Nine top kicks were on the rolls —Judge W. Marion, Stanley A. Bojanek, Joe W. Carter, Leslie W. Engle, William A. Neidbreder, Paul F. Nell, Herbert A. Pratt, Leonard Valek and Roy W. Hewe.

Red River Ordnance Depot, Texarkana, Tex.—After she passed the physical at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., that admitted her to the WAC, Pvt. Mary Ryker called the Ordnance Unit Training Center here to tell her father, Provost Sgt. G. L. Ryker, that she was in the Army, too.

GI Turns Bomber Turret Into Fiddle and Bow

Fort Sam Houston, Tex. — A sheet of plexiglas, once part of a bomber turret, is now a perfect replica of a standard-make violin and bow, built by T-5 Jasper E. Flaming of the arts and crafts shop at the Army Ground and Service Forces Redistribution Station at Fort Sam Houston. Unlike the great violin makers of old, who toiled months on their instruments, Flaming fashioned his in a week. And unlike the delicate products of the old masters, Flaming's fiddle, being a former bomber turret, can take a lot of punishment.

The son of a violinist, Flaming inherited his father's violin and used it as the model for his plexiglas instrument. He is also making a ukelele, a guitar and a pair of dice of plexiglas.

Flaming took his plexiglas violin and called on Jascha Heifetz when the famous violinist gave a concert in San Antonio, Tex., recently. Holding his own $100,000-insured Guarnerious, Heifetz posed with Flaming and the plexiglas job. Then, after drawing several measures of the Beethoven violin concerto on Flaming's instrument, he pronounced it excellent for practice purposes.

"I use an aluminum fiddle for practicing," Heifetz told Flaming. "When it breaks down I don't call in a violin maker. I call in a plumber."

—Pfc. JOE DEITCH

Blonds Not Preferred

Camp Cooke, Calif.—Two bottles, one of hydrogen peroxide and the other of household ammonia, inspired four GIs to seek a little glamor. Pvts. Davis, Sauter, Bailey and Morrissey dashed and sloshed the liquids on their respective craniums and then retired for the night, expecting to awake in the morning with platinum hair enhancing their tanned features.

Came the dawn and a rush for the mirror. Their hair looked like straw—tired, mildewed straw. They didn't like it, their friends didn't like it, the colonel didn't like it. "And by tomorrow," the colonel said as he concluded his remarks, "have your own hair on your heads, and I don't mean heads of skin. No shaving it off."

It took a long session at the camp beauty parlor and the contents of some more bottles to restore the natural shades of their hair.

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The Heroes

YANK FICTION

By Pfc. GUY D. WRIGHT

FRANCE—Shorty George crammed his hands into his pockets and leaned against the sill of the big bay window. He looked out over the red-tiled roofs of the French town, new-washed by the rain and bright in a sudden rift of sunlight. Pretty soon now, according to all the storybooks he had read, a beautiful mademoiselle should appear at one of the windows across the way and smile and wave to him. And if she could speak English that would be all right, too.

He waited and watched, but no one came except a heavy woman in a sagging brown dress who emptied a pan of water from a second-story window and yelled something unintelligible to a kid in the street. Shorty George found he couldn't daydream very well after that. He turned to the soldier who was cursing the pocket-sized, stainless-steel mirror.

"Aw, hurry up, Joe," he growled. "We gotta be ready by 1:30."

Joe made another swipe with the razor. Through the lather he scowled at Shorty George, "We gotta look good, don't we, when we go down there?"

From across the room the Ginzo called: "Hey, y'know, it feels good to be in a room again. I mean a room with none of the walls blown out."

"Aw, shuddup and hurry. We ain't got all day."

"I'm cleanin' my shoes. I'll be ready before you are."

The Ginzo had a legginged leg cocked on the edge of Joe's cot, and he was attacking his mud-caked shoe with a trench knife. Shorty George walked over.

"See if you can scrape some of this mud off the seat of my pants, will ya, Ginz? I can't see what I'm doin'."

The Ginzo scraped the mud-spattered pants. When he had got the worst off he goosed Shorty George with the knife.

"Jesus, be careful," grumbled Shorty. "I got a girl back home."

Joe turned around, drying his face with a dirty undershirt. "Okay, I'm finished."

The Ginzo looked at him and frowned. "You ain't gonna leave that mustache on, are you?"

Joe raised a protective hand to the scraggly travesty. "You kiddin'? This mustache don't go till Hitler goes. When I get home I'm gonna shave it off. Then, when somebody asks me about the war, I'll look at 'em and say: 'War? What war? You must have me mixed up with some guy with a mustache.' "

"Well, it's your mustache," said Shorty George, "but we're gonna look jerky enough when we go down there. If the general gets a look at that mustache he's liable to change his mind about the whole thing."

Joe considered. "Yeah, I guess you're right," he said, turning to his shaving tools. "I can grow another one, anyway."

"What's the deal?" the Ginzo asked. "What does the general want to see us for?"

"You know as much as I do," said Shorty George. "The captain stopped me in chow line at noon and said for us to be ready to go down to headquarters at 1:30. We're gonna get some kind of decoration."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Captain just said be ready."

"Well, let's go," said the Ginzo when Joe had finished with the mustache. They slung their rifles, bloused their trousers over their leggings and put on their helmets.

"How do I look?" asked Joe.

"None of us looks like a recruitin' poster, but it's the best we can do."

Before he closed the door the Ginzo looked back at the three canvas cots and the duffle bags piled in one corner.

"It's a nice room," he said. "Not even a crack in the window."

When they got outside it was raining again. The captain came up as they started toward the motor pool.

"I'm going down in the command car with the major," the captain announced. "You men go on ahead in the weapons carrier. You know where the place is, don't you, Sergeant?"

Shorty George said, "Yes, sir."

The weapons carrier had a rip in its top. Rain gathered in the sagging canvas and poured through the hole.

Joe grumbled, "The mud I couldn't scrape off is gettin' wet and it's gettin' sticky again."

An old Frenchman on a bicycle swerved suddenly in front of the vehicle and Shorty George slammed on the brakes. The abrupt stop sloshed another deluge of water through the ripped top and Joe cursed.

The Ginzo saw a French girl hurrying along the sidewalk in the rain. She held an umbrella close over her face and her legs didn't look any too good, but he whistled anyway.

Joe said, "I feel like I forgot something."

"I feel like I forgot something, too," said the Ginzo. "I don't know what it is, though."

They rode on in silence. After a while the Ginzo slapped his leg.

"I know what it is," he said. "There ain't no artillery noise around here. That's what we think we forgot. Funny, ain't it?"

"That's what it is, all right."

THE general's headquarters was a large stone building with a lot of rusty iron scrollwork on the front. A sentry stopped them at the entrance. They whispered the password and he waved them in. They wandered down a spacious tile-floored corridor, gazing blankly at the rows of closed doors with official labels on them. With a self-conscious motion Shorty George removed his helmet; then, remembering he carried a rifle, he put it on again.

One of the doors opened and a staff sergeant with a sheet of paper in his hand emerged. His trousers were well pressed and he wore a khaki shirt with sharp creases running down through the pockets. He paused for a moment when he saw the three men, looking them up and down critically. Then he made a hygienic detour around them and scurried down the hall. In a few minutes he came back carrying a different-colored paper. Seeing them still there, he stopped.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"I dunno," said Shorty George. "We wanta see the general——"

"But we gotta wait for our captain first," the Ginzo interposed.

The staff sergeant almost didn't grin. "You can wait out here," he said, "but don't open any of these doors without knocking."

They wandered on down the hall. Outside one of the doors a Red Cross girl was standing. The Ginzo gave a low whistle. "Gee, get a load of that dish," he said. "How would you like to——"

"Careful," whispered Shorty George. "She understands English."

"Yeah, that's right, ain't it? It's funny seein' a girl who understands English. I didn't say anything, though."

"Maybe we can get coffee and doughnuts in that room," Joe suggested.

"Naw," said the Ginzo, "It says 'PRO' on the door."

"What's she doin' outside a pro station?"

"It ain't no pro station. That means Public Relations Officer."

"Oh."

Shorty George sidled around before the Ginzo.

"See if you can scrape some more of that mud off the seat of my pants," he hissed over his shoulder, "without her seeing you."

"There won't no more come off."

The door opened and a lieutenant came out. The Red Cross girl smiled up at him and took his arm. They walked off together down the hall. The three men looked after them. After a moment the Ginzo slapped his leg.

"Pinks," he blurted. "He had on pinks."

"And combat boots," added Joe. "Did you see 'em? Really neat, ain't they?"

"We wuz supposed to be issued combat boots, too, remember? Never did come through yet, though."

The lieutenant led the girl to the door, the sentry snapped to attention and they were gone.

When the captain came the men were ushered into a room where a colonel sat behind a large desk. They bumped into each other a little getting through the doorway. They saluted, but it didn't come off very well. They were rusty. The colonel rose and came around before the desk.

"I'm sorry Gen. Blank couldn't be here today," he said, "but he had to inspect a replacement depot. However, he instructed me to present this in his behalf." He produced a sheet of paper from his desk. He cleared his throat and began to read. It began with "To:——" and "Subject:——." Shorty George was gazing at the eagle on the colonel's collar and admiring the way it caught the light. Joe shuffled once from his position of attention, then froze stiff again. The Ginzo kept thinking of the Red Cross girl's legs.

The colonel's voice moved doggedly down the paper. There were words like *great credit* and *outstanding* and *bravery* and *long remember* and *devotion*. The Ginzo was just putting a slave bracelet around the Red Cross girl's ankle when

a sudden change in the colonel's tone interfered. The colonel was saying: "You men will each receive a copy of this just as soon as we have time to run them off."

Then they were saluting and bumping each other out of the room.

"Oh, just a minute, Captain," the colonel called. He extended his hand. "Congratulations—and, ah, I think I happen to have a bottle of Scotch somewhere in this desk. Would you care to join me?"

"Well——," they heard the captain's voice, and then the door closed.

A sergeant with sleek hair was waiting for them when they left the colonel's office. He led them into the Public Relations room. "Now," he said, rolling a sheet of paper into a typewriter. "Lt. Smith was going to handle this, but he had some urgent business to take care of. Don't worry, though, I'll do you up brown. Just tell me, in your own words, all about it."

His hands hovered over the typewriter. They tried to tell him, but he was a hard man to talk to. He kept asking questions like "On what date was that?" The three men looked at each other blankly. Ten years ago? Yesterday? They tried for half an hour to tell him, and when they finished he had little on the paper besides their names and serial numbers and the towns where they were born.

"Well, that's quite a story," he said pushing back the typewriter. "I should be able to splash it all over the front page in your home-town newspapers. Not bad, eh?"

No one answered.

"Well, thanks, fellas," the sergeant said. As they moved toward the door he added, "And good hunting."

They went down the wide corridor and out the door where the sentry stood.

The rain had drizzled off, but the sky was still a sulky, unbroken gray. When they were past earshot of the sentry, Shorty George spoke to his comrades.

"Did you hear what the colonel said?" he asked in an awed voice. "A bottle of Scotch. All the time we wuz standin' there it was in that desk."

"Aw, you prob'ly wouldn't like the stuff anymore. You got a calvados throat by now."

"Let's try to find some cognac."

THEY crossed the street to a corner cafe. A bent old woman with fearful, suspicious eyes met them in the doorway as they entered.

"*Pas-de-cognac-pas-de-calvados-pas-de-mirabelle - pas - de - femmes,*" she glowered. "Joost *biere.*"

"Okay. *Trois* beers."

She seemed disappointed that they didn't leave and went to slosh three glasses in the well of dirty water which was sunk into the zinc bar. She filled the glasses and they paid her, waving away the change. They stood for several minutes saying nothing. Behind the bar were tiers of finely cut wine glasses and a silver champagne bucket, the mementos and hopes of a better day.

The Ginzo made a wet ring on the bar with the base of his glass. With his finger he daubed in eyes and a nose and mouth and a pair of big ears. Then he rubbed out the face with his sleeve and, finding a dry space, scrawled the name Mary, adding a lot of flourishes at the end.

Joe asked, "That guy said they'd put our names in the papers back home?"

"That's what he said."

"This'll be the second time I had my name in the *Banner.*"

"Once when you wuz born, huh?"

"No. Maybe it's three times. I don't remember if they put it in then. They put it in once when I got pinched for speedin'. In my home town they always put your name in the paper when you get pinched for speedin'."

They took another drink of beer.

"The colonel said we wuz brave," commented the Ginzo. "Wonder how it feels to be brave."

The door swung open and an MP came in.

"You fellas got passes?" he asked.

The three men looked at each other blankly.

"We just been over to see the —. Huh-uh, we ain't got no passes."

"You better clear outa here, then. The provost marshal's on the prowl and he's pickin' up everybody he can find. I don't want to pick you up, but you better clear out. You can finish your beer first."

They killed the beer and walked to the door. The rain had started again.

Lend Lease Rumors

IN March 1941, nine months before Pearl Harbor, Congress passed an "Act to Promote the Defense of the United States." It empowered the President "to sell, transfer title to, exchange, lease, lend, or otherwise dispose of" materials to nations whose defense he deemed "vital to the defense of the United States."

The act, which Americans right away called lend-lease, has been regularly renewed by Congress since we got into the war. Lend-lease shipments to our allies have amounted to about 36 billion dollars. Allied help to us under reverse lend-lease (the President once called lend-lease a "two-way street") has reached 4 billion dollars. The act, strictly a wartime proposition, is due to expire in June 1946.

The Administration, Congress and the War and Navy Departments have called lend-lease a vital weapon against the Axis. All the same, it's probably been the target of more rumors than any other law Congress ever passed. Some of them got started on the home front, some overseas. The Foreign Economic Administration, responsible for seeing that lend-lease works, has tracked down a lot of these rumors and given the real facts. Here are some examples, as supplied by the FEA.

Fiction. *It is widely rumored that our allies plan to use lend-lease materials in their export trade in competition with us when the war has ended. The rumor is heard in connection with various types of goods, but is currently concentrated on aircraft.*

Fact. We retain title to all lend-lease material that has not been lost, destroyed or consumed. We shall determine whether we wish to move the material back to the United States, sell it or otherwise dispose of it. We therefore control the post-war availability of such materials.

Fiction. *One of the lend-lease rumors which has appeared most frequently, and which is particularly vicious because its aim is to create distrust of our ally, Great Britain, is the one that the British have removed labels from lend-lease goods and substituted their own labels, thus getting the credit in the country in which the goods are used. One version of this story was to the effect that the British had used Italian work battalions to remove American trade marks from goods of American origin and apply British trade marks before the goods were distributed in Italy.*

Fact. On-the-ground investigation of these rumors by the War Department and the Foreign Economic Administration has been made in various parts of the world. No justification for such rumors has ever been found. As to the story about the change in labels in Italy, high Army officers, who are closely connected with the distribution of supplies in Italy and who have recently returned to this country, have stated that they never heard any reports nor saw any evidence of such changing of trade marks in Italy.

Fiction. *Americans who have stood in long lines in recent months to purchase cigarettes have sometimes heard the rumor that one reason for the cigarette shortage was the large number furnished to other countries under lend-lease.*

Fact. Our lend-lease exports of cigarettes in 1944 required only 1¼ percent of our production during that period. Some of the cigarettes which we have lend-leased have gone to the French forces in Africa; the remainder have been furnished to British armed forces on various war fronts. No cigarettes have been supplied under lend-lease for civilians. For every cigarette we lend-leased in 1944, we sent 26 to our armed forces abroad and the people in this country smoked 55. The cigarettes which we have lend-leased have been made to foreign specifications and have not been standard American brands.

Fiction. *There is a rumor current that the British charge us high rental costs for airfields in the British Isles.*

Fact. The British have built 133 airfields for us at a cost to themselves of $440,000,000 and have turned them over to us as reverse lend-lease without payment by us. The figures entered in the reverse lend-lease accounts represent actual costs to the British, which are generally below costs for similar construction in this country. They maintain these fields, at a cost of many millions of dollars, and in addition have furnished to our air forces large quantities of goods, including 1,500,000 pounds of chemicals, 1,700,000 hand and machine tools, 50,000 rubber tires, 34,000 tubes for our air fleet, and ammunition ranging from small-arms ammunition to 2,000-pound block busters.

Fiction. *Some Americans have apparently been under the impression that we have furnished under lend-lease most of the munitions and equipment being used in this war by the British and the Russians.*

Fact. The war materiel which we have provided under lend-lease, although it has played an important part in the progress made by the armed forces of Britain and the U. S. S. R., has nevertheless accounted for only a comparatively small part of their total munitions and equipment. Our allies have provided, from their own production, by far the greater part of their needs. In the case of the British forces, the lend-lease aid received from the United States amounted to approximately one-fifth of their total requirements. The British have produced the remainder in their own plants. In the case of the Russian armies, our aid accounts for an even smaller proportion of total requirements.

Fiction. *A columnist wrote recently that every U. S. Army officer who stops at Accra in the British Gold Coast learns how the commander of the American air base there must pay $25 a day rental to the British for the use of United States lend-lease trucks.*

Fact. The story has no basis in fact. The United States Army makes no payment in any country as rental for the use of American lend-lease trucks or equipment.

Fiction. *Our patent rights are lost on articles we lend-lease.*

Fact. Our patent rights are protected on all lend-lease materials by specific agreements entered into with all lend-lease countries.

Fiction. *A chronic rumor which recurs every time the pincers tighten around the Nazi-Japanese aggressors concerns the transshipment of American lend-lease planes by the Soviet Union to the Japanese in exchange for rubber. These planes are then allegedly used by the Japanese against our forces in the Pacific.*

Fact. Rumors of this type have been repeatedly investigated by the State Department, the War Department and the Foreign Economic Administration and have proved to be entirely without foundation. There is not a grain of truth in this vicious rumor.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

THEY'VE just come from the front, they're on pass in Paris, and they're going to see what's to be seen. If you want to tour with them, turn to Pfc. Pat Coffey's pictures on pages 12 and 13.

PHOTO CREDITS, Cover—Pfc. Pat Coffey. 2—Acme. 3—Upper, Sgt. Reg Kenny; lower, Acme. 4—Sgt. Kenny. 5—Left, MAAF; right, XX Bomber Command. 6—Sgt. Sy Friedman. 8—Lower right, Sgt. Dick Hanley; others, Manuel Alcantara. 9—Manuel Alcantara. 10 & 11—Sgt. John Frano. 12 & 13—Pfc. Coffey. 15—Center, PRO Stark General Hospital, Charleston, S. C.; others, Signal Corps. 20—Columbia Pictures. 21—Left, Sgt. Steve Derry; right, Vandamm. 23—Left, Sgt. Bob Ghio; right, INP.

Combat Infantry Pay

Dear YANK:

As adjutant of this organization, the problem of eligibility for combat men assigned to this headquarters frequently arises and articles appearing in your magazine have certainly not clarified *WD Circular No. 408*, dated 17 October 1944, to wit: your article on Combat Infantry pay states: "Combat Infantry pay does not stop when a man leaves his combat unit unless he is assigned to the Medics or the Corps of Chaplains, or is placed on flight pay or loses his badge for failure to perform satisfactorily in ground combat against the enemy. If you are not covered by any of these exceptions, you should immediately bring these provisions to the attention of your CO."

I quote from *WD Circular No. 408, Sec. 1:* "The award of the expert infantryman badge and the combat infantryman badge is restricted to officers, warrant officers, and enlisted men assigned to infantry regiments, infantry battalions, and elements thereof designated as infantry in tables of organization or tables of organization and equipment. Personnel of the Medical Department and the Corps of Chaplains are not eligible for this award."

There are some men in this man's Army who are not combat troops and who are not in the Medical Corps or the Corps of Chaplains. It would be appreciated if you would stop contradicting War Department circulars. The finance office and the adjutant general's section of this base inform this headquarters that men assigned to this organization formerly receiving pay are not eligible to receive same, as they are serving with the Signal Corps. This decision is in accord with *Circular No. 408*. Will you please clarify the basis for your articles and help to eliminate our headaches?

Britain —1st Lt. FREDERICK C. CLARKE Jr.

■ According to Maj. Gen. H. K. Loughry, Chief of Finance (see *Sec. V, Finance Bulletin No. 18*, 21 February 1945): "All enlisted men awarded Combat and Expert Infantryman Badges are entitled to the additional pay from the date of award (but not prior to 1 January 1944), regardless of the organization to which they are transferred or its location, except under the following conditions: *a*) If the badge has been withdrawn by proper authority, or *b*) If the men have been transferred to the medical department, or *c*) If the men have been placed in a flying pay status." This concurs with YANK's interpretation *of WD Circular 408 (1944)*. Let the lieutenant take the matter up with Maj. Gen. Loughry.

Stripe-Happy

Dear YANK:

The orderly room informs me that I am now a pfc. Now my problem is: in the two years before joining, I didn't need any rank to engineer and build the $10,000,000 base at Frederick, Okla., (sometimes laying as much as 5,000 yards of concrete runway in one day) or to build the hospital area at Red River Ordnance, the barracks at Dallas for the Eighth Service Command and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of other construction for the War Department. Nor, in my two years as a buck private, have I had any trouble laying 50 feet of walk in three days (somewhat of a record) and in building three urinals and 17 box-type latrines. Besides this I have fought as hard as any soldier who has been on this side of the ocean and at 37 years of age I was awarded the Good Conduct Ribbon and am now entitled to the Poison Ivy Cluster. At the battle of Fort Belvoir, where I took basic, I won out over spinal meningitis, a counter-attack of arthritis and have successfully camouflaged a duodenal ulcer.

Now my problem, Mr. Anthony: do I have to take on the added responsibility of a pfc—especially with me expecting a baby (rather my wife is)?

I am contented as a buck private with my KP and guard duty and going to different specialist schools learning all about construction, and besides I am no four-flusher. I have never been overseas while a lot of buck privates have. Many are wounded risking their lives and are still buck privates. I don't feel right around them with a pfc rating. Why can't they be given these ratings? Do I have to take this rating?

What worries me is if I go to taking rank in a couple of years I'll be a corporal and then—bang!—the war is over and I won't be able to run my business, as I will be stripe-happy giving commands that nobody will pay any attention to.

Fort Lewis, Wash. —Former Private

Post-War Conscription

Dear YANK:

I have heard hundreds of persons giving their private opinions of how the post-war military-training program should be handled, but never have I heard the proposal that part of the training period be served in occupied foreign countries. This seems to have been overlooked, but it is a valuable source of manpower for use in policing those countries which will need to be policed after the war.

I am in the class called "Regular Army" and have several hitches in, including five major campaigns in this war, and I surely don't want to have an army-of-occupation hitch added to the others. Most young fellows would favor this plan, for it would give them a chance to see the battlefields of this war, and as travel is supposed to broaden one's views and education, I can't think of another better plan.

Besides, this plan would release the men who are fighting this war from that obligation, and allow them to return to their homes. If this training period is to be effective, there should be a program worked out that would teach the men in training just what it is all about and show them the real reason for having to take military training.

Esler Field, La. —S/Sgt. J. W. MITCHELL

Dear YANK:

To end all arguments on compulsory training, may I say that to attempt to force the youth of our nation into anything would be the greatest mistake in history. Sufficient radical changes could be made in the policies of the services to have a good majority ask for a year of it and even like it all the way through. There is no reason why a peacetime Army and Navy could not be operated on a democratic basis.

India —Sgt. JACK ROYER

Dear YANK:

. . . If you remember, France was supposed to have had the best trained army in the world. Every Frenchman received two years of military training when he became a certain age. And yet look what happened to France in 28 days. What was wrong with France? It is my belief that she was rotten at the core. It isn't necessary to have a large army but it is necessary for the army you do have to be on its toes. . . .

Fort Lewis, Wash. —Sgt. JACOB SORRY

Dear YANK:

. . . Peacetime conscription would tend to establish a militaristic ruling class in America, possibly with the same dire results which we have witnessed in the Fascist countries. Training for war is not an honest or effective method to maintain peace. If we are to avoid the world suicide of another war, cooperation among all nations working toward a better world must take the place of competitive armament races. . . . The police force that will at first be necessary to deal with outlaws should be under control of a world union and not of individual nations.

Azores —Pvt. RALPH MEYER

China's Rights

Dear YANK:

These self-styled strategists who declare that we should retire and leave Japan to China to absorb give me a pain that an aspirin cannot relieve. Why don't they look into things before they give an opinion?

Japan is a highly industrialized nation and therefore a potentially great military power, while China definitely is not. Japan is war-wise and aggressive, while China has for centuries been a peace-loving country. Moreover, at the defeat of Japan, China will be left practically defenseless.

China does not have the products that are necessary to a military power. And they would have to be powerful to deal with Japan. They do not have the vital-

"And down here is where we keep the guys that stole cigars."
—Pfc. Thomas Flannery

ly necessary coal, iron and oil. Transportation and communications in China are terrible. Their main industry is agriculture, which is carried on in a primitive fashion. Their industries are nothing to speak of, they have no heavy industries and only a few light.

President Roosevelt says that, "within a generation or two, China will be a first-class power." While China is becoming a first-class power, it will be our responsibility to ward off any aggressor and maintain China's territorial rights, not to mention the same rights of the other smaller Asiatic countries.

The Cairo Conference marked the third time in half a century that we have agreed to protect China's territorial rights. Our "Open Door Policy" failed because we did not have the military power to persuade Czarist Russia to withdraw from Manchuria. Again in 1922, we believed that a treaty would prove adequate enough to protect China. Too late we discovered that mistake. Nine years after the signing of the Nine-Power Treaty, Japan virtually annexed Manchuria.

If we choose to believe that we have won peace when Japan is defeated, we will be making the same mistake, but this time on a much grander scale. We will, therefore, have to provide a strong military and naval force in the Asiatic theater to keep Japan in check until China can be built into that first-class power to deal with Japan.

When this war is over, we GIs are going to have much to say about the rebuilding of this war-torn world. Let us learn about the peoples we will have to deal with. Let us not make the same mistakes that our fathers made and think that our peace is won just because the aggressors are defeated.

India —Sgt. SIDNEY P. BEASLEY

Elusive Lighters

Dear YANK:

Ever since I was inducted two years ago I have been trying to get a Zippo cigarette lighter. When I was back in the States, I was informed that all lighters were being sent overseas. Well, I figured that they were going to the boys who really deserved them. When I arrived in England, I was told that they were going to the men on the front line. I am up on the front line now, and can you tell me who in the world is getting all of the lighters that are being sent over?

France —S/Sgt. ALFRED PISANO

WAC Inducement

Dear YANK:

There is a great demand for Wacs to replace able-bodied desk soldiers and, as an inducement, many thousands of dollars are spent for various kinds of uniforms and attractive caps. It seems to me that a strong point to convince a woman to enlist in the WAC would be to add her time of service to her husband's with reference to points for a discharge, and if she served overseas her husband again should get points for it. Every woman would know that besides helping her country, she was also bringing closer the return of her loved one home.

Hawaii —Cpl. H. E. NOTELEVITZ

Soldiers and Officers

Dear YANK:

One of the worst fallacies I ever heard of is the one that says a good soldier always spends a hell of a lot of time griping about his lot. In my opinion, based on nearly four years in the Army, the man who always bitches is a misfit. A lot of these eight-balls are disappointed OCS material who don't know how to clean a rifle but who long for the privileges and comforts that go with a commission. They haven't the slightest conception of an officer's responsibilities, and if the OCS board should ever make the mistake of letting them through they'd be even worse than the officers they criticize.

Another thing. Some guys think an officer is no good unless he made a whale of a big salary in civilian life. The characters who talk along this line are usually just trying to console themselves for not having made a success of the Army. There are plenty of swell officers who never made over 25 bucks a week in civilian life, and likewise there are a lot of privates worth a wad of dough whom I wouldn't hire to clean up my back yard.

For myself, I have passed up a couple of chances to go to OCS, and my only regret is that maybe, if I were an officer, I wouldn't have to listen to all the dissatisfied spoutings I hear day in and day out. Believe me, it gets tiresome after four years. I am against officers' privileges as much as the next man, but I certainly don't think a good soldier spends all his spare time complaining about the situation and thereby tearing down the morale of the men around him.

Many a former enlisted man is going to be mighty surprised after the war when he walks into an office to apply for a job and finds an ex-shavetail passing out the plums.

New Caledonia —T-4 PRESTON CHARLES

THE SHOOTING AT AACHEN

The German radio announced that an underground had been formed in areas already occupied by the Allies "to continue the fight against the hated enemy." The underground forces, called "werewolves," vow to risk death "daily and joyfully without regard to the childish rules of so-called decent bourgeois warfare."—Associated Press

Three German parachutists in uniform assassinated Franz Oppenhof, 41, Allied-appointed mayor of Aachen, on Sunday midnight, it was disclosed today. The assassins shot the mayor gangster-fashion and escaped. Military intelligence investigators said they had established no motive yet.—New York Times

Is there a motive in the house?

It shouldn't be hard to find one. Was there a woman in his life? Did he owe anyone money? Was anybody mad at him?

If the investigators can't find anything along that line, maybe the Germans could help. They're very obliging that way. If you miss their intentions the first time, they just keep trying. In case you missed the bombings of Guernica or Rotterdam or Warsaw, or didn't hear about the gas chambers of Lublin, or were looking the other way when they murdered Americans at Malmedy—why, they act it out for you again at Aachen.

Maybe some people can't find a motive for the Aachen killing because they still think a battle ends when a town is taken. Maybe they also think that when the German Army surrenders, they can go home and forget about Germany.

It's too bad they can't. The Germans won't let them, anymore than the Germans let them sit at home and make believe the rest of the world didn't concern them. We took Aachen. We chased the *Wehrmacht* out and moved into the city and set up a provisional government. We appointed a mayor, and the Nazis came and shot him dead.

The shooting of the mayor of Aachen shows us that our responsibility does not end with the taking of a Fascist town. It ends only when the town is clean of all its Fascism. What happened in Aachen may happen in all of Germany. When the whole German Army is beaten, we will still have a lot of dirt to clean up before Fascism is beaten. The Nazis are experts in the use of terror and they will not stop at anything.

And if their terror does not succeed, they will try other ways. They will come out of the woodwork as anti-Nazis. There will be a flood of "good" Germans, who never belonged to the Nazi party, never tortured anyone, never did anything but sit around and watch it happen. They will bank on our kind hearts and bad memories, and they will be even more dangerous than the terrorists.

For we have a terrible responsibility that must be met. We are finishing a job started many years ago by other men. It is a job that cannot be done halfway if we are to live in peace, and it is not confined to the battlefield.

The shooting of Aachen's mayor shows that.

Overseas Bars

Dear YANK:

This is to suggest a numeral patch as a substitute for overseas service stripes. Maybe it isn't any of my business, since I haven't been anywhere, but a lot of us on the home front are going batty—not to mention that we're becoming traffic hazards—trying to count service stripes on swinging arms. I'd think the returnees, rotatees and separatees would be glad to turn to service patches and be thus relieved of the gnawing apprehension that they're being stared at because they're unbuttoned.

A big, attractive, proud numeral patch on the lower left sleeve shouldn't detract from the honor accorded a man who's put in a lot of time across the briny. I'd suggest a patch about 1½ or 2 inches in diameter, bordered in gold, backgrounded in dark brown and with a gold numeral. The patch would show the number of years and/or half-years of overseas service. It would save a lot of explaining.

Fort Logan, Colo. —Sgt. KEN WHITE

10-in-1 Criticism

Dear YANK:

Speaking for a majority of combat troops in the Philippines, we would like to bring to your attention the following criticism of the Army's 10-in-1 ration: *1*) There are no canned juices or fruits; *2*) only Nos. 2 and 4 have the bacon and as a result there are constant demands for those numbers; *3*) no one eats the pork sausages; *4*) not enough canned milk; *5*) the crackers are definitely not tasty (recommend saltv sodas); *6*) not enough cigarettes for each man; *7*) no sea food, such as sardines, tuna or salmon; *8*) leave out the dehydrated foods as they require too much water and we seem always to be in a shortage-of-water area; *9*) recommend cans of pork and beans as variety; *10*) substitute another candy for chocolate bar.

If the above recommendations could be carried through, we believe the 10-in-1 ration would be the best ration for front-line troops.

Philippines —2d Lt. HERMAN STEIN

Post-War Germany (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

It's very obvious Germany is preparing for a third war, even now in the face of defeat. They are planning underground warfare against the Allied occupational armies. . . .

I say let Russia occupy Germany after Germany's military armies fall. It may sound quite barbarous to most of us, but I think a total demolition of the Nazis and everything that stands for such should be carried through. The Russians would do this.

PW Camp, Scottsbluff, Nebr. —Pfc. NED DAVIS

GI Insurance

Dear YANK:

I would like to make a suggestion about National Life Insurance.

Assuming that I convert my five-year-term to ordinary life insurance after the war, I will pay about $240 per year, as I will be about 40 years of age this year. That will be about as much premium as I will be able to pay. In the event of my demise, my wife will receive about $40 to $50 per month. There will be no lump-sum payment to pay all the doctor's bills, hospital bills, current and past income taxes (and I understand there will be plenty of them).

My wife, trying to keep a child on the $80 per month from my Class F allotment, has had quite a struggle of it. If I should pass away and my policy becomes a claim, it will take her nine good years to pay up my last expenses and keep the wolf from the door. Her future is not very bright as far as protection for her until my little girl grows up.

If the Government could stretch the settlements a little, they could make up a very nice program for the widow. For instance, they could settle 20 percent, or $2,000, immediately and 1 percent a month; or they could pay $100 a month for two years and then either a life annuity or an 18-year income, depending on the age of the beneficiary. Such a plan would enable a widow to readjust herself to a reduced living gradually until she went to business or remarried.

After the black days of 1929, financiers were jumping out of windows because they lost their security. Let us take care of soldiers' widows and plan their future a little, so it won't take a decade to pay off the undertaker.

New Orleans, La. —T-5 SAMUEL E. MILLER

Dear YANK:

Why not have a plan whereby a veteran could retain his GI insurance at a cost that does not exceed the present cost? After all, there are many men in the Army that would like to carry $10,000 worth of insurance but just can't bear the load at civilian rates.

Even though all claims would utimately be paid off, the arrangement could be made to pay for itself and even make a little. It would be much cheaper than some of the "dole" ideas now in the mill and wouldn't be a "gift" either.

—Cpl. J. E. WITTMAN Jr.

Ft. Worth AAF, Tex.

Strictly GI

AUS Losses. From December 7, 1941, to December 31, 1944, 1,716,000 men were lost to the Army of the United States through death and other causes. Cumulative figures (to the nearest thousand) released by the War Department show the following break-down:

	Officers	EM	Total
Total deaths (battle and nonbattle)	29,000	143,000	172,000
Honorable discharges	26,000	1,195,000	1,221,000
PW and missing	25,000	107,000	132,000
Other separations	4,000	187,000	191,000
TOTALS	84,000	1,632,000	1,716,000

These figures do not include discharges of EM who got commissions in the AUS. "Other separations" cover men placed on inactive status, dischargees other than honorable, Regular Army retirements and miscellaneous separations.

Shoes for Vets. The OPA announced that beginning March 28 ration books issued to discharged veterans would contain two valid shoe stamps instead of the single stamp previously allowed. OPA men take the view that GI shoes usually are not suitable for civilian wear and that a soldier generally finds that the shoes he wore before going into the service no longer fit.

Presidential Citations. The 969th FA Battalion, a Negro 155-mm howitzer outfit, was one of 34 units cited in the name of the President for action in the Bastogne area. The unit was attached to the 28th Infantry Division at the time of the German counterattack. The 101st Airborne Division and several attached units were formally presented the citation March 15. The 969th was one of 25 other cited units not present for the ceremony.

Women's Rights. Three officers representing the women's services have been assigned to the Veterans' Personnel Division, National Selective Service Headquarters, in Washington, D. C. Their job is to advise on problems and policies regarding reemployment rights, veterans' benefits and new employment for honorably discharged women veterans and to let civilian agencies know that the GI Bill of Rights applies to veterans of the women's services. The officers assigned were Maj. Marion Cox Licnty of Waterloo, Iowa, WAC; Lt. Lois Brooks Donovan, USNR, of Pasadena, Calif., WAVES; and Capt. Elizabeth Compton Weatherby, Hackensack, N. J., Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

Jinx Falkenburg
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Katharine Cornell during "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" overseas run.

Brian Aherne and Miss Cornell came home and revived the play in New York.

The Barretts Return on Rotation

But the audience on Broadway doesn't whistle at Cornell's kisses the way the GIs did in Europe.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

KATHARINE CORNELL, the lady who ranks with Helen Hayes and Lynn Fontanne as one of the three best actresses in the American theater, recently brought her revived hit play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," home on rotation after six months in Italy, France and Holland. Instead of sending the people in the cast to redistribution stations for 30-day furloughs and reassigning them to permanent parties in the States, she pushed them right into an empty theater on Broadway to put on the same show every night for civilian audiences. I imagine that the members of the cast are already writing letters back to GIs they knew in Italy and France and Holland, warning them not to get sucked in by this rotation deal because it's just a lot of chicken.

One of the gnomes with T-4 stripes who thinks up things for us boys on this magazine to write about decided that it would be a good idea for somebody to go and see the Broadway version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and to tell how it compared with the performances before GI audiences in Europe.

If I do say so myself, they couldn't have found a better man for the job. I not only saw "The Barretts" in Europe; I practically followed it all the way from Rome to Paris last fall and winter. Or maybe the show was following me, I don't know which. Anyway, it seemed as though every time Miss Cornell drove into a new town—Florence, Leghorn, Marseilles, Versailles—she would trip over me when she was getting out of her jeep. It got so that people were stopping me at various times to shake my hand, mistaking me for a prominent member of the cast—Miss Cornell's cocker spaniel Flush.

This is all very interesting stuff I am telling you, but we better start comparing "The Barretts of Broadway" with "The Barretts of Italy and the ETO" before that T-4 gets sore and uses his influence to have me shipped to a machine-records detachment somewhere in Oklahoma. Oklahoma is still a prohibition state.

Well, the show itself is exactly the same on Broadway as it was overseas. Miss Cornell, as Elizabeth Barrett, the girl poet, still hates the taste of porter which her father tries to make her drink for her health. I could understand why she hated that rotgut in Florence and Marseilles. But I couldn't believe my ears when I heard her still refusing to drink in New York. I felt like standing right up in the theater and telling her that this stuff wasn't Eyetie hooch or that French mirabelle. I wanted to remind her she was back in the U.S.A. and it was probably good solid Ruppert's or Budweiser.

And she still falls for this poet, Robert Browning, and runs away with him to Italy. After spending the last six months in Italy, I should think she would be glad to stay home where she could get a hot bath any time she wants one instead of sweating out a line at a quartermaster clothing exchange when the outfit gets its turn. But some people never learn.

And the Browning family is still as big as it was overseas. Those five young brothers of Elizabeth Barrett are still walking around in civilian clothes. They did not say anything about being in war work, either. Why they haven't been drafted, I don't know.

Elizabeth's young sister Henrietta is still being played by that pretty redhead, Emily Lawrence, who had all the GIs in the Fifth and Seventh Armies walking around in a daze. She is still fighting with her father about that Army officer she wants to marry. Her father is still making her swear on the Bible she will never see the officer again. Her father is no fool. He probably figures that if he can make her marry an enlisted man instead she will get a family allowance, which will help pay the Barretts' grocery bill.

By the way, the fellow who plays the part of the officer should be entitled to an ETO ribbon with two battle stars, but he isn't wearing it. Somebody ought to tell him about the point value of battle stars for getting a discharge.

Elizabeth Cornell—I mean Katharine Barrett—has the same maid she had overseas. The servant problem being as tough as it is, you'd think this maid would have been snapped up at twice her salary by some one of those swanky Park Avenue families as soon as she got off the boat at the POE. Not only that. In the last act when her mistress asks her to go back to Italy, she says yes immediately without even trying to shake her down for a raise first like any servant would do these days.

Brian Aherne, who plays the part of Robert Browning, is the same as ever. He still speaks his lines in the tense, dramatic moments like a waiter telling you what he has for dessert.

When I saw Aherne playing Browning on Broadway, I couldn't help thinking of the time I saw him backstage in the big movie house near the Enlisted Men's Red Cross in Florence last fall just after one of his performances in the same costume there. A little dough came up and asked him for his autograph. The dough mentioned he had met Aherne once before at Camp Wheeler in Georgia.

"Ah, yes, I remember that day at Camp Wheeler," Aherne said. "I went out on the range with you fellows there. And I remember one of your colonels telling me, 'We are making it very hard for these men but when they get overseas they'll look back and thank us for it.' And you are thanking him for it now, aren't you?"

The little dough, who had come out of a rough sector of the 85th Division's line that morning and was going back into it again that night, just glanced up at Aherne once and said nothing.

BUT, although the show is the same on Broadway, the audience is a lot different from the ones that watched "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" in Italy, France and Holland.

The first time Aherne and Barrett—I mean, Cornell—put their arms around each other and go into a kiss, nobody in the theater whistles.

When the doctor in the first act tells Miss Cornell that she can't spend another winter in a gloomy place like London and that she should go to a pleasant sunny place like Italy, nobody in the Broadway audience cracks a smile. Every time the doctor spoke this line before the GIs in Naples, Rome, Florence and Leghorn, it took all the available MPs in the neighborhood a half hour to restore order in the theater.

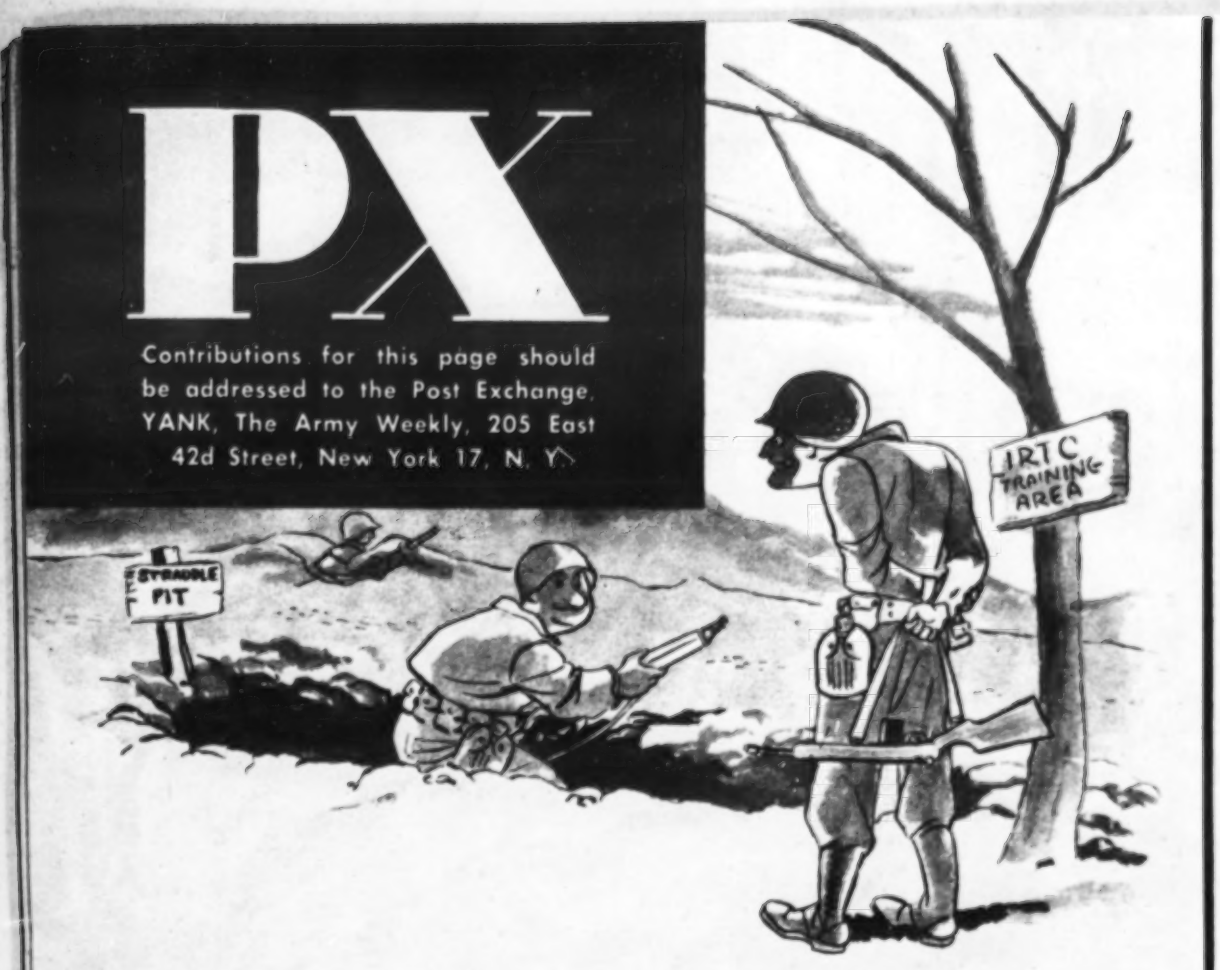
Nobody in the Broadway audience laughs when Miss Cornell tells her maid not to bother packing many bags because they'll be able to buy whatever they need in Paris. This always brought the house down in France.

I guess the people in New York have no sense of humor.

DESPITE her All-American looks, Jinx Falkenburg is a Kid from Barcelona. She was born in the Spanish city January 21, 1919, later moved to Santiago, Chile, and then to Los Angeles. After Jinx became a famous model, the movies grabbed her. Jinx is a big girl: 5 feet 7 inches, 124 pounds. She has brown hair, hazel eyes. Her latest for Columbia is "The Gay Senorita."

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.



"You're new around here, aren't you?"
—Pvt. Jerry Schiano, Camp Blanding, Fla.

"Pvt. Dever's just completed his fiftieth mission."
—S/Sgt. Bill Havenstein, Overseas

"So maybe you can tell me just how far he's likely to advance in the Army before I take him too seriously." —Sgt. Michael Ponce de Leon, Harrisburg, Pa.

"Are you by any chance shirking your duties?"
—Cpl. R. L. Patterson, Camp Barkeley, Tex.

The GI John Kieran

I DON'T want to take any glory away from Gens. Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur or Arnold. Nor do I mean to cast any disparaging remarks or glances in the direction of Field Marshal Montgomery, Adm. King or Marshal Zhukov. I'm willing to admit that they are competent men, every one of them, and that they are doing a good job.

But my favorite soldier is one I have never met. He has never made page one of the country's newspapers; he has never been interviewed on the radio; he has never waded ashore in the face of admiring newsreel men.

I don't even have a desire to meet him. In my mind's eye I picture him as a strapping fellow, combining the dignity of a first lieutenant with the grim majesty of a top kick. I fear that in the harsh light of day he might turn out to be a mild-mannered corporal, with thick glasses, clammy hands and a grease-spotted tie.

His name, rank, age and home town are also unknown to me. All I know is that he is the khaki Clifton Fadiman, the deep-voiced encyclopedia of all things military. He is also the world's foremost exponent of Basic English. Rarely does he venture beyond a phrase longer than "anopheles mosquito." Most of the time he sounds like a grade-school primer wired for film.

He is the narrator of training films.

His is the voice that warns you about shock, admonishes you for kicking your gas mask around; that pleads with you to take all the wound pills with plenty of water.

This titan of the training film is invincible, omnipresent and all-knowing. He is the type of man who wouldn't mind a transfer from the Air Forces to the Ground Forces because he already knows all there is to know about field-stripping, fire power, protection against gas and first aid.

Let the cameramen roam the world for better action shots, for more realistic portrayals of wounds in battle. Let them make even stronger and more impassioned pleas for personal hygiene and the necessity to safeguard military information. He will take it in his stride, never stuttering or fluffing, always cool, confident and fluent.

If it's a film of a bombing mission, he knows the number and type of planes used, the pounds and type of bombs dropped, the damage done, the opposition encountered. He knows what to do if you've been "exposed." He is as full of knowledge as a pfc bucking for OCS. He is the patron saint of all second lieutenants.

He soothes me with his voice; he delights me with his knowledge. I am his until six months after the duration.

And once before that time I want to hear him say, "I don't know."

Camp Livingston, La. —S/Sgt. STANLEY MARGULIES

A QUIET SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Filing slowly out the mess hall,
Russell, Dennett, Hector and I
Remarked the imminent clouds
In a threatening sky.
"What's on the air today?"
"Lalo's '*Symphonie Espagnole*'."
So to our hut we went
And there we lay,
Each in his own way "sent,"
Relishing the flavor
Of each demisemiquaver.

Then Dennett said, "I have some wine,
Warm, but good; it's sherry,"
And filled their cups and mine.
Again he filled to summon merry
Thoughts more suited to a time
Of peace. And on our cots
We lay like happy sots,
Drunk with wine of quietude
And Muse's song. Nectar brewed
By Bacchus ne'er was so sublime.

Images came unbidden
Stirred by the warm wine
Which smelled of springtime.
Thoughts came, half-hidden,
Each to his brother tangent,
Fleeting and lambent
O'er the mind of a dreamer
At rest.

Warm wine spilled
In the springtime on Iwo Jima,
Spilled in the springtime of life,
Might make the barren rocky ground
Of Iwo
Yield a bloom as precious and as deathless
As the seed.
What will grow?
A lovely flower
Nourished best
By wine spilled
In hot blazing strife?
Or will the plant grow
Nurtured best
By vintage chilled
In the Ardennes Forest?

The concert ended and we rose,
Stretched and yawned and uttered protest
'Gainst the ending of repose
Serene and sweet and unmolested.
We talked a while and sped the time
Until the whistle sounded chow again.
At the table quips and banter
Spiced the food and added laughter.
Someone raised the question, "Why
Is an onion called a scallion?"
Russell made him quick reply
"Because a horse is called a stallion."
And I wondered if on Iwo
A troop is a battalion.

The first drops of rain
Fell from the evening sky
And brought a sadness and a hope
That men had not died in vain.

Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark. —T-4 CHARLES WOLFMAN

—S/Sgt. Dick Ericson, Fort Totten, N. Y.

Stanley Frank

Sports During the War?

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

BACK in the days when you used to hear something on the radio besides The Voice, The Build and other assorted characters, the "Town Hall Meeting of the Air" was known as a sedate, scholarly program. One week recently, this sedate, scholarly program sounded like a rifle squad mopping up the wine cellar of a German castle. Ex-Col. Larry MacPhail, new boss of the Yankees, spluttered and fumed at Stanley Frank, former New York *Post* sports columnist turned war correspondent. Ted Husing came close to throwing John Tunis through the glass partition of the engineer's control booth. A couple of times the program was nearly cut off the air because the gentlemen were using naughty words.

The subject: "Should organized sports be abolished for the duration?"

Now this subject is an ancient one which has been argued back and forth a million times since Pearl Harbor. The only thing that made it different was what Stanley Frank had to say. Brother Frank's pronouncements almost turned the thing into a national controversy.

Frank makes two principal points. He says:

a) The sports world is acting in a rather disgusting manner by yelling loudly for its own self-perpetuation and continuation of its huge profits, on the platform that it is all for the morale of "the boys" overseas, who demand it. Frank says that most GIs overseas aren't anywhere near as interested in home sports as the athletic people say they are and, in fact, the actual combat troops are interested in nothing beyond the preservation of their own lives.

b) Events have proved that, despite all the claims made for it, previous athletic training means absolutely nothing in combat. Only actual combat training matters. He quotes a high-ranking general as saying, "Athletes don't make better soldiers or pilots than wallpaperers or anyone else."

Ted Husing answered this latter argument on the radio program by pronouncing, "Just as the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, so were the present battles of Europe and the Pacific won on the college gridirons of America."

Stanley Frank and his colleague Tunis, another sportswriter, thereupon jumped on Husing with all four feet. "Army figures show that only 3.6 percent of its personnel ever completed college. Your statement is a terrible snub to 96.4 percent of the men who are fighting the war. The educational level of the Army is second year of high school, which means that most men never had any organized athletics at all."

Later Husing came up with another example—Tom Harmon surviving the jungle after the crash of his B-24. "Tom Harmon's life was saved in the jungle by his football training," Husing said. "A jungle problem is just like a football problem."

"If the truth were known," said Tunis, "I'll bet Tommy Harmon survived because he used to be a Boy Scout."

"Harmon," admitted Husing's partner Mac[illegible]ail, "was an Eagle Scout."

But the major part of Frank's argument was devoted to the attitude of the troops overseas. He spent seven months with them as a war correspondent in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany, and he says the only time he ever heard GIs discussing sports and athletes was when they pointed to their own punctured eardrums and flat feet and asked, "How come?"

Asked why the War Department gives GIs touring baseball shows and so much sports news, Frank said: "The guys overseas and in the hospitals are so bored and fed up that they'll listen to anything. They'll listen to the Cherry Sisters singing grand opera, and they'll even listen to Ted Husing. But they resent the claims that sports make in their name. The good will of sports is being endangered by the silly claims made for them."

Frank concluded with oratory.

"You are asked to believe," he said, "that the men overseas are fighting for the privilege of calling the umpire a blind bum. This is precisely the sort of romantic, unrealistic thinking that infuriates the soldier and convinces him that civilians have no concept of the enormous sacrifices he is making. The soldier is not fighting to see a ball game, to taste Mom's cooking or to hear the latest juke-box recording. He is fighting for his life. He is fighting to win the war and end the misery and the monotony and the loneliness he is suffering. Anyone who tells you differently speaks with no authority or knowledge."

Later Frank said privately, "The rasping sound you just heard was produced as I slit my own throat as a sportswriter."

NAVY SLUGGERS. Elbie Fletcher (left) and Johnny Mize, ex-big-leaguers, were rival first basemen in a game on Guam. Judging by the size of their chews, there is no tobacco shortage.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Bill Dickey, who recently returned to the States after a tour of the Pacific bases, named **Ted Williams** of the Red Sox, now a Navy aviation instructor, as the greatest hitter he ever saw. "In saying that," he said, "I know how good **Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig** and **Joe DiMaggio** were. Williams was something out of this world. If we hadn't run into this war I believe he would have finished as the leading hitter of all time.". . . John P. Carmichael, sports editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, reports that as soon as **Lt. Gen. George Patton** finishes his job on Hitler there's a little financial matter for him to straighten out in Chicago; a matter of 32 cents he owes Publicitor **Joe Farrell** of the Blackhawks hockey team. "It seems," writes Carmichael, "that some years ago Patton, who was a great friend of Maj. McLaughlin, late owner of the Hawks, was visiting at the McLaughlin home and decided to see one of the games. Publicitor Farrell left two tickets, on which he personally paid the tax of 32 cents, at the Madison Street reservation window of the Stadium. They were never picked up. "I don't know what happened," says Farrell, "but I'm out 32 cents. I haven't bothered Gen. Patton about it because he's been pretty busy, but the minute he sets foot in this country again, he'll hear from me."

Killed in Action: **Lt. Jack Chevigny,** former Notre Dame and U of Texas coach, at Iwo Jima. . . . *Wounded:* **Lt. Bert Stiff,** USMC, former U of Pennsylvania fullback, at Iwo Jima. . . . *Missing in Action:* **Lt. Francis (Frank) Cusick,** ex-Notre Dame end, over Germany. . . . *Inducted:* **Stanley Spence,** Washington outfielder, into the Navy at Bainbridge, Md.; **Michael Francis (Pinky) Higgins,** Detroit third baseman, into the Navy at Great Lakes, Ill.

"DAMMIT, TAKE THE MARBLES OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!"

—Sgt. George Mandel

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"BUT NONE OF THE OTHERS INSIST ON STILL WEARING THEIR BARS."

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—Sgt. Wayne Thiebaud

—Sgt. Jim Weeks

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"WALLY O'CONNELL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell